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Memoirs

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MEMOIRS
OF
M. DE BRINBOC.

VOL. II.

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M. DE BRAYBOC

VOL. II

**Strahan and Preston,
Printers-Street.**

MEMOIRS
OF
M. DE BRINBOC:
CONTAINING
SOME VIEWS
OF
ENGLISH AND FOREIGN SOCIETY.

“ Je fais qu’il est indubitable
Que pour former œuvre parfait,
Il faudrait se donner au diable
Et c’est ce que je n’ai pas fait.”

IN THREE VOLUMES.

VOL. II.

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR T. CADELL AND W. DAVIES,
IN THE STRAND.

1805.

MEMOIRS

OF

AL. DE BRINBOC.

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SOME VIEWS

OF

ENGLISH AND FOREIGN SOCIETY.

It is not only a remarkable
and most interesting portrait,
it is also a most valuable
and useful work.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

Vol. I.

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR T. CADELL AND W. DAVIES,

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1802.

MEMOIRS

OF

M. DE BRINBOC.

CHAP. XXV.

THE latest accounts that Brinboc had received from his sister were rather of a favourable nature. She had written to him that the fury of persecution was somewhat abated, and she readily indulged in the hope that it would soon cease altogether. Eugenie had also touched upon her acquaintance with M.

de Chevreuille, and of the civil act that had first given rise to that acquaintance. Brinboc endeavoured in vain to recollect his name among those of his father's friends, but as he could not bring it to his memory, he made no doubt that Chevreuille had enjoyed his father's intimacy, either while he was at college, or during the time that he was in garrison at Verdun; and, in conformity to this belief, had desired Eugenie to thank that gentleman in his name for the polite attention he had shewn her. Feeling a degree of security with regard to his sister, Brinboc's reflections began to turn once more upon his own situation, and he often experienced a sort of remorse for the inactive manner in which he was whiling away the days of vigorous manhood. Brinboc was usually calm and unruffled under the common occurrences of life, because he conceived that

that there was little in it to excite great joy, and still less to provoke violent grief. But this state of mental rest or quiescence was more the result of thought and meditation than the effect of natural disposition, for he had a soul of the warmest temper, whose emotions it had been long his most earnest business to marshal and bring to obedience, upon the conviction drawn from observation, that they who fritter away their hopes and cares upon the trifles of the moment, and who suffer themselves to be elated or dejected by every contingent circumstance, have nothing left for the hour of trial and exertion, which is sure to overtake them enfeebled and unprovided. This kind of reasoning enabled Brinboc to live in indolence and obscurity without querulous murmurs, or silent fullenness, but it did not stifle in him the consciousness of being fitted to

better purposes, and it was to Madame de Rosenfelt alone that he communicated his renewed desires of entering upon some mode of life more consonant to his way of thinking, and more appropriate to his age and disposition. This lady had too much good sense not to admit of the justness of his conclusions, but she constantly advised her friend not to be too precipitate in his determinations, and rather to wait for some favourable opportunity which should prove propitious to his wishes.

Such was the state and appearance of things when Brinboc found one evening, on returning home, a letter, with the seal of office, and containing, to his utter astonishment, an order from the government to quit Berlin in eight-and-forty hours, and the Prussian territory within the space of eight days. Liberal as this allowance of time was, considering

ing the extent of the country, it did not prevent Brinboc from secretly accusing the government of injustice towards him, as he could not, for his life and soul, guess at the motive which could have brought down upon him such an unexpected and peremptory decree. It was to no purpose that he racked his brain in order to discover, if possible, what impropriety of speech or conduct on his part had incensed a regular government to proceed so violently against a regular and inoffensive individual. He scanned, with the greatest exactitude, his past words and actions; he bethought himself of the persons with whom he had lately been in company, and of the places he had recently frequented; but not finding in this general examination any thing that reproached his conscience, he began to think of giving up the useless enquiry, when the

image of M. Bernardi suddenly presented itself to his mind, and he no longer doubted concerning the cause of his sudden expulsion. This he now entirely attributed to Bernardi's indignation at the cold return he had made to the offer of being initiated into the mysteries of Illuminism; for it is sometimes as dangerous to slight the favours of a philosopher, as to neglect the advances of a forward fair one.

This point settled to his satisfaction, Brinboc found half his anxiety removed, and he desired Fulgence to pack up, and get every thing ready for their departure, after which he went to bed, and slept as soundly as if he had been appointed to a military government, or honoured with the order of the Black Eagle*. Next morning,

* The principal order of knighthood in Prussia.

however,

however, the first thought that struck him was Madame de Rosenfelt, and the necessity of leaving her ; and the second, the fear of going still farther from his beloved Eugenie. Some months before this order would have been reversed ; but we cannot always determine the succession of our ideas, especially of those that rush in pell mell of a morning, before we have time to take off our night-caps.

As every moment was now become more precious to Brinboc than any he had been yet acquainted with, he hurried out to Madame de Rosenfelt, and informed her of the uncourteous injunction that had been notified to him the preceding evening. His fair friend laughed at the story, and asked him how he could take a pleasure in alarming her ? but when he shewed her the order, accompanied with all the marks

and insignia of official communication, incredulity was no longer available; her confidence vanished, her countenance changed, and she burst into a flood of tears. It was then that Brinboc fully perceived how dear he was to the most amiable of women, and, for a short moment, his mind remained suspended between the pleasure of this discovery, and the pain of an approaching separation. But as his heart was incapable of harbouring an idea purely selfish, though it might be surprised by such a one, more noble sentiments soon resumed their proper station, and he only thought of soothing that affliction of which he was the involuntary, though advantaged, cause. He also gave way to those emotions of tenderness which generous men neither feign or dissemble, and, after mutual avowals of esteem and affection, which, though long entertained, and well

well understood, had never before been explicitly declared, they both felt and agreed that they could not be happy until united by the most holy and indissoluble bonds. In a word, there was more business dispatched between them in this half hour than in the whole course of their previous acquaintance. So much for the empire of circumstances, and the utility of arbitrary orders of banishment, for bringing love affairs to a speedy termination. The next consideration regarded Eugenie, and it was resolved that she should be immediately written to, and that every possible means should be employed in order to enable her to get away from that species of captivity under which she laboured, so little did they imagine that her fetters were now more closely rivetted than ever.

Then the question was discussed to what part of the world Brinboc should

direct his steps? which point being thoroughly canvassed, it was resolved in council, that Alexander-Maximilian Charles de Brinboc, knight of the order of St. John of Jerufalem, having been driven from his own country for the crime of succouring the distressed, and being expelled another country, where he had sought an asylum against oppression, in virtue, no doubt, of the new philanthropic code of laws, *art. Hospitality*, he the said Alexander-Maximilian Charles de Brinboc, knight, &c. should, for the sake of change, and to indulge his taste for variety, remove to the country where such adventures were least likely to overtake him again; and, in consequence of this decision, he the aforefaid Alexander-Maximilian Charles de Brinboc determined to go to England *via* Hamburgh.

Madame de Rosenfelt might have been tempted, perhaps, to accompany
her

her future spouse in this journey, had she not been retained by some prudential considerations. Among others, she could not take her son from the military academy without marring all his prospects in his native country, and renouncing entirely those claims which were founded on the services of his father. It was necessary, therefore, that she should remain behind, for the purpose of making such arrangements as would ensure him care and protection during her absence. Besides, it became indispensable that some one should be on the spot to correspond with Eugenie, and to concert with her the measures most proper to be taken to facilitate her departure from France; a project that seemed now the more feasible, on account of the peace concluded between the Prussian and French governments. As the wings of time had not been idle

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during

during this long consultation, Brinboc remarked to Madame de Rosenfelt that the day was far advanced, and that he must leave her in order to make the preparations for his journey, which had not yet been attended to. Madame de Rosenfelt replied that the peremptory nature of the order which he had received did not leave much hope of its being recalled, but as even permission to prolong his stay for a few days would be of some service to him, she would endeavour by all the interest in her power to obtain that prolongation; without preventing him, however, from putting himself in a complete state of readiness in case her application should fail of success. Upon this they separated, Brinboc taking the road to his lodgings, and Madame de Rosenfelt setting out in quest of the Count Von L—, a nobleman, who, though neither
a philo-

a philosopher or an illuminé, was highly respected at court for his integrity and talents, and was particularly esteemed by one of the king's uncles, whom he had ably seconded with his counsels and valour during that prince's most arduous campaigns.

When Brinboc got home he found that Fulgence had not only made every disposition in his power for their departure, but that his faithful attendant betrayed more than usual symptoms of hilarity in his words, looks, and even attire: his hair was dressed with particular elegance, and he had on a coat and waistcoat that seemed quite new. Brinboc asked his valet if he meant to travel in that gay array? "O no, Sir," answered Fulgence, "but having some take-leave visits to pay, I thought it proper to put on my best clothes, which, by these means, will also be aired
previous

previous to their being packed up : I have, besides, made a small purchase, which being meant for a present, will, I hope, meet with your approbation ;” so saying, he immediately produced a small coffee-pot, and two cups and saucers, of the finest Berlin porcelaine, which he presented for his master’s inspection. “ They are very pretty,” returned Brinboc, “ but if it be no secret, pray tell me for whom is this present intended ?” “ For Mademoiselle Pauline,” replied Fulgence, “ who was your sister’s waiting woman, and whom I hope to marry as soon as we get back to Paris.”

Many men would have ended this dialogue with a laugh, and by telling Fulgence of the mistake he lay under, calling him, at the same time, a fool for laying out his money upon articles that were to be had as good and as cheap at home : but Brinboc really esteemed a
domestic

domestic who had proved himself worthy of his affection, and he took the trouble of undeceiving him in as gentle a manner as possible ; for Fulgence had never doubted a single instant, that he and his master were on the point of taking the most direct road to Fontenaye aux Roses.

The barometer of Fulgence's countenance fell twenty degrees at least upon the receipt of this unpleasant piece of intelligence ; and as his education had been rather neglected in regard to geography, he humbly solicited his master to inform him if by going to England they should make any advances towards their former home, or if they were *co-*turning their backs on Mademoiselle Pauline, and all the other good things he so much wished to revisit ? To satisfy this innocent curiosity Brinboc had recourse to sensible objects ; and
taking

taking the different pieces of Fulgence's china, he disposed of them in such a way on the table as to describe a figure approaching to an ellipsis, by carrying a line through the intermediate spaces: "There," said he, "you are to suppose the first cup to be Paris, and the first faucer to be Frankfort."—(Here Brin-boc paused for about half a minute, and Fulgence began to harbour a suspicion that his master had involved himself in a very intricate piece of business; but the fact was, that, passing by Fulda in this imaginary tour, he suddenly recollected the extraordinary dream he had had at that place, and it arrested his attention for the time we mentioned.) "Now," continued our lecturer, "this second cup is Berlin, and this second faucer Hamburgh, and so far we have been travelling from home; after which we shall fall down again towards the south

south until we arrive at the coffee-pot, which signifies England," (a tea pot would have been *more germane to the matter*, but either there was none in the room, or it was overlooked in the heat of demonstration,) "and when we get there, by the blessing of God, we shall be nearer to Paris than we are at present." "Why not cross over straight then," said Fulgence.

As the solution to this second difficulty did not depend upon any thing so plain and intelligible as the sciences of geometry and geography, Brinboc declined any further explanation, and Fulgence, after making a bow of gratitude for the favour received, proceeded to pack up his crockery anew, not, however, without venting some revilings at the country where they were manufactured, for sending him to a greater distance from the fair object of his affections.

Brinboc

Brinboc returned to Madame de Rosenfelt as soon as he thought that she might have obtained the object of her petition ; but not being very sanguine in his expectations he was but little surprised to find that her endeavours had not been crowned with success. She told him that the Count Von L— had received her with his usual attention and politeness ; but that when she related to him the purport of her visit, he shook his head, and answered that he feared that all application in favour of M. de Brinboc, whom he both knew and esteemed, would prove fruitless ; for that he had good reason to believe that his order of expulsion from the country had been issued at the express demand of the French government. He added that nothing could give him greater pleasure than being of any service to Madame de Rosenfelt or her friend, and
that

that he would immediately dispatch a confidential person to the minister for foreign affairs, to know if a hope might still be entertained of procuring a counter-order, or at least the permission of prolonging M. de Brinboc's stay at Berlin.

The messenger was not long in executing his commission, and brought back for answer, "that his Excellency was extremely mortified at not having it in his power to comply with the Count's request, inasmuch as M. de Brinboc was a person particularly obnoxious to the French government, at whose desire he had been ordered to quit the dominions of Prussia; but that the Count's long acquaintance with public business, and the manner in which it was carried on, would entirely exculpate his Excellency the Minister, from the imputation of harbouring any personal ill-will to M. de

de Brinboc, as the Count must well know, that no government, whether regular or irregular, could ever think of disobliging another; for the sake of attending to the welfare or convenience of any individual whatever." To a reply so just and equitable, it would have been impossible to make any rejoinder; and Brinboc only observed to Madame de Rosenfelt, that as one sovereign power did not think it beneath its dignity to act as a police officer to another, it could be no disgrace to him to submit to its high behests. He also confessed that he was now more bewildered than ever as to the real cause of this second banishment, for M. Bernardi's character became as pure as snow in consequence of the ministerial communication, and he was utterly at a loss to explain the peculiar rancour entertained against him by the rulers of France, considering that
he

he had never opposed them in open arms, and still less by abuse and scurrility, which he had uniformly condemned as an unbecoming and unmanly species of warfare. But as the discovery of the cause of his misfortunes would not tend in the least to alleviate them, he forbore torturing his brain any longer on the subject; and Madame de Rosenfelt informed Brinboc, that if she had been unsuccessful in the primary object of her mission to the Count Von L. her visit had not been altogether unproductive of good, for that as she was leaving his house, she met with Mr. O'Rourke, a gentleman who was about to leave Berlin, and who asked her if she had any commands for England?

“Mr. O'Rourke,” continued Madame de Rosenfelt, “is a pleasant, well informed man, who has been over half the world, and I thought I could not do better

better than endeavour to engage him for your travelling companion ; he will divert your attention from the barren sands of Lower Saxony by an account of his adventures, and he is, besides, master of a carriage, that will convey you more commodiously than the common vehicles of this country, which, for ease and elegance can only be compared to sand-carts." Brinboc was in the act of thanking Madame de Rosenfelt, for such a desirable acquisition, when Fulgence came in and delivered him a letter which had been left at his lodgings, and which contained the following words : " The reigning Prince of Understein-Sigmaringen presents his compliments to M. de Brinboc, and hearing that he is about to depart for England, requests that he will take charge of some parcels containing articles of value, to be delivered to his Serene Highness's

Highness's cousin the Duke of Doedrumdorff, in London. His Serene Highness desires M. de Brinboc to accept his assurances of most perfect consideration."

"Pray who is this mighty potentate," exclaimed Brinboc, "who thus honours me with his gracious consideration, on condition that I will take charge of his parcels, for I declare that I do not recollect ever having heard his name mentioned before?" "Nay, nay," returned Madame de Rosenfelt, "do not affect ignorance of your old acquaintance, for I am sure that you have seen him ere now, and that in my house, although I cannot aver that you ever spoke to him." She then described a tall, stiff, grenadier-like German nobleman, who formerly attended her parties, and who used to contradict flatly, every thing that came from any person whom
he

he did not consider as equal in rank to himself, and who soon deserted her house, because he discovered that the majority of those who frequented it, could not prove their nobility for four generations. “O I remember him perfectly,” resumed Brinboc, “he is, if I mistake not, as remarkable for his poverty, as for his pride, and in spite of the title of reigning Prince, would be sometimes in want of a dinner, were it not for a pension allowed to him by a more opulent sovereign. A worthy of this class ought not to be treated in a common way, and I will endeavour to accommodate the style of my answer to the greatness of my correspondent.”

Brinboc then wrote the following note:

“M. de Brinboc not having the happiness of being in the least acquainted with the reigning Prince of Understein-

Sigmaringen, cannot possibly take charge of his parcels ; but to testify how grateful he is for the intended honour, M. de Brinboc means to pray incessantly that His Serene Highness may be blessed with a long and prosperous reign, for his own sake, and that of his subjects."

This serene epistle, properly signed and sealed, had scarcely been dispatched to his highness, when Mr. O'Rourke's name was announced, and the two future fellow-travellers were introduced to each other. They both seemed to be much pleased with the chance that had thrown them together, and willing to profit by it to the utmost extent, by casting off all unnecessary reserve. The route and order of the journey were determined on, and they agreed to depart as soon as the gates of the city were opened the next day, after which the party conversed

VOL. II. C upon

upon indifferent subjects, until Mr. O'Rourke took his leave at an early hour. Then Brinboc experienced, for a second time in his life, the anguish inseparable from quitting that which is most dear to us. He reminded Madame de Rosenfelt of her promise to follow him as soon as circumstances would allow it, although her affliction clearly evinced that she did not stand in need of any such admonition. The only circumstance that could retard this much desired union, was the necessity of waiting until Eugenie should be able to join Madame de Rosenfelt, and they were both too solicitous for the happiness of seeing her once more in a place of safety, to repine at any sacrifice that might be requisite for ensuring the security of that amiable girl. They then parted with as much tranquillity as tenderness

dernefs could spare to reason, and Brin-
boc's feelings forcibly recalled to his
memory what he suffered when he
was obliged to abandon Fontenaye aux
Roses.

CHAP. XXVI.

Our hero and his new acquaintance had not proceeded many hundred yards from the gates of Berlin before they entered into a lively conversation ; and, giving way to the kind of inclination which they had felt for each other at first sight, were soon as much at ease as if they had been intimate together for half a century.

Indeed the blind goddess, who often seems to take a delight in bringing into contact beings of the most heterogeneous natures, had, for once, thrown together two men whose dispositions were well adapted to each other. Brin-boc, as we have had occasion to remark before, was rather of a serious turn of mind, but there was nothing forbidding
or

or repulsive in his gravity, except when he was assailed and put out of humour by the teasing impertinence of folly, or the unblushing pretensions of presumptuous ignorance; and as these trials of temper are rarely to be met with, in an enlightened and philosophical age like the present, he was commonly placid and serene, and sometimes extremely gay, when the coruscations of wit or genius in others kindled similar flights of fancy in himself, he would then give a full scope to the effusions of a most playful imagination, in conformity to the adage of '*desipere in loco.*'

O'Rourke was a Hibernian of a frank and open disposition, constitutionally merry, somewhat inclined to satire, and possessed of very engaging manners. He was well read in books, and still more so in the volume of human nature. He had met with many difficul-

ties and mishaps in life, but he had been skilful or fortunate enough to extract “the jewel from the reptile’s head,*” without allowing its poison to sour his temper, at the same time that there was nothing boisterous, wearisome, or offensive in his cheerfulness. He spoke several languages ; and, to sum up his accomplishments as a travelling companion, he never objected to the office of paymaster on the road, in the exercise of which he made the innkeepers, postillions, &c. the constant objects of his jokes and merriment.

Brinboc was so pleased with what had fallen to his lot in this forced peregrination, that he began, insensibly, to dwell less frequently on the disagreeable occurrences that had twice driven him from the company of those who enjoyed the largest portion of his affection. He

* Shakespear.

also comforted himself with the hope, that perhaps, in England, he might find an employment either in the army, or in some other way that might at once fill up his hours, and help to replenish his purse. In spite, however, of these consoling reflections, an involuntary sigh would sometimes escape him, on which occasions O'Rourke would fix his eyes upon him for a moment, and then resume the conversation as if nothing had happened to interrupt it. At last Brin-boc took the former by the hand, and expressed himself in the following words:

“ I am sensible, my dear Sir, that I have no great right to obtrude my painful recollections on any one, but I am also aware, that, in our present situation, to brood over them in silence may be still more irksome to one whom it is my wish as well as my interest not to disgust or disoblige during the time that we

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may

may chance to remain together. You have perceived, I believe, that my mind is not quite at ease; and while that continues to be the case, it will scarcely be possible for me to master my feelings so effectually as not to become, at times, a very unentertaining companion. But as I abhor any thing bearing the appearance of affectation, and as I set a due value on your good opinion, in order completely to avoid the former, and to lay in some claims towards the latter, I am willing to shew that my ills are not merely the children of fancy, and that if I have experienced the frowns of fortune, they were not provoked by any folly or misconduct of my own. It is for you to decide whether I shall be my own chronicler, or whether I am to leave in oblivion, what would certainly be little deserving of any other fate, were it not for the motives already alluded

alluded to." Here Brinboc left off speaking, and O'Rourke assured him that nothing could give him greater pleasure than to hear an account of his life; that it was a mark of confidence which flattered him extremely, and which he should never forget; and that he was ready to make a return in kind whenever Brinboc should be unprovided with better amusement. The latter replied that he would not fail to request the performance of this promise at an early period, and immediately entered into a brief narrative of what the reader is already acquainted with, the conclusion of which brought them to the place where they were to take up their night's lodging. In this place the travellers were regaled with a supper, consisting of soup, raw ham, and *schwartz-brod*, a bread made chiefly of rye, very black and heavy, but not the less acceptable to the

inhabitants of the country, whose palates have not been vitiated by indulging in the luxury of wheaten loaves.

The next morning, while Brinboc and O'Rourke were drinking a beverage, honoured by the innkeeper with the appellation of coffee, though its component parts were nothing else than barley and dried celery, properly toasted and ground, Fulgence came in and asked his master if it was not the custom of the country to make a present to some part of the family where they had sojourned the night? Brinboc answered that he never heard of any presents except those bestowed upon the chambermaid, for waiter there was none. Fulgence did not seem satisfied with this reply, and said that he was sure that something more was expected; for that a corporal and two soldiers had stopped in the house the preceding night, and, when

when about to depart, the former had tied about half a yard of dirty black ribbon round the neck of the host's eldest boy, who was still in the cradle, with which little token its parents seemed to be much pleased, though, for his own part, he thought it but a paltry donation. Here Fulgence was interrupted by O'Rourke, who observed that he could not do less than imitate the generous example of the corporal, by also making a present to one of the children, in testimony of his good-will towards the whole family. This piece of advice threw the faithful valet into a quandary; he first rummaged his coat-pockets, and then those of his waistcoat, but they contained no one article of which he was not in want himself, and all his superfluities were locked up in his master's trunk. O'Rourke, perceiving his distress, re-

commended to him to take off the ribbon which adorned his queue, and to transplant it to the neck of one of the children. Fulgence followed his counsel without any hesitation, and the consequence was, that in less than half a minute the whole house was in an uproar: the innkeeper roared out *Der Taifel und Sacrament*; his wife screamed, and the maids ejaculated. The cause of all this riot was that these good Germans took for an insult what Fulgence, in the simplicity of his heart, had meant as an act of civility, and he stood petrified with astonishment, until O'Rourke, being sufficiently amused with the mischief he had occasioned, brought about a general pacification, by explaining to the master of the house the mistake into which Fulgence had unwarily fallen; and to the latter, that the ceremony of putting a black ribbon

round the neck of a male child imported, that from that moment he was to be considered as forming part of the army of his majesty the Elector of Brandenburg, and consequently in the way to become a hero. Fulgence shook his head as if he did not like this early mode of recruiting; but that was because his mind was not impressed with a proper veneration for the memory of the philosophical king, who had set on foot so laudable and salutary an institution.

CHAP. XXVII.

AFTER Brinboc and O'Rourke had satisfied every charge, not omitting that of * *Schmeirgelt*, and also thrown in some additional groots as a peace-offering for the black ribbon offence, they got into the carriage, and Fulgence resumed his more exalted station on the coach-box.

* *Schmeirgelt* is a tax levied at every post-house in Germany, by a dirty fellow, for the trouble of greasing the wheels, whether they want it or not. Some authors, with Professor Schmitherlingius, of Wittenberg, consider this custom as a remnant of the feudal system. But more profound investigators, such as Dr. Vanderbosch, of Leyden, think that they can discover the origin of it in Tacitus "De Moribus Germanorum."

The

The first object that claimed their attention was a field near the road, which the postilion assured them produced better hemp and rye than any other in the neighbourhood, a privilege that he entirely attributed to the carcases of some thousands of Swedes which had rotted there since a great battle fought on the spot in the seventeenth century. Mr. O'Rourke remarked, that it was very kind of those northern warriors to leave their native snows in order to fatten the sands of Brandenburg, and that upon his return to England, he would consult the Agricultural Society upon the expediency of frequently employing this kind of manure, especially as a modern writer has proved very clearly, that an extensive population is the greatest curse that can befall a country, and the primary cause of every possible evil.

Here

Here O'Rourke was put in mind of his promise by Brinboc, and he began his history in the following words:

“I was born in an island not quite a thousand miles distant from that of Great Britain, which is said to be the true fortunate isle; an island not so extensive as Borneo or New Holland, yet fully large enough, and fruitful enough for the happiness of its inhabitants, notwithstanding which favourable circumstances, it has been a prey for centuries back, to a series of misfortunes, civil, political, and religious.

“It is true that my dear countrymen have not been without faults, but alas! who is without them? and who have expiated theirs so rigorously?

“About the age of eighteen I was seized with a passion for military glory, and I quitted my father's little farm to enlist in a marching regiment. As this happened

happened at the commencement of the American war, my corps was sent abroad, and I soon saw service. I was present at three battles, two sieges, and nineteen rencountres, and was several times wounded, though never dangerously. In the last action of any consequence I had the good fortune to save the life of my colonel, who was a man of high birth and great interest, and this grateful officer presented me with a cornetcy of dragoons as a mark of his esteem and attachment, but I saw him turn pale with grief and disappointment when I informed him that his kindness was of no avail to me, as I had been brought up in a religion which was proscribed by the laws of the country, in whose cause I had so willingly shed my blood." "Good heavens!" exclaimed my patron, "surely you would not be the worse soldier for following

lowing the religion of your forefathers.”

“No, sir,” I replied, “but I should be a scoundrel if any prospect of advancement could induce me to profess outwardly that which I did not believe in my heart.

“The only service that the Colonel’s friendship could render me was to procure my discharge at the expiration of the war; and soon after my return to England, I became clerk to a warehouseman at Bristol, whose wife being a methodist, got her husband to turn me away, because I was a follower of the *Scarlet W*— who had committed &c.

“I should now have been in a disagreeable situation if my good stars had not thrown in my way the captain of a Spanish ship, who offered to take me to South America; and I had not been long on my second visit to the New World, before I was introduced to a general

neral officer as a young man who had some experience in military matters, and who might be very useful in the army of his Catholic Majesty. Fortune seemed at last to be resolved to bestow some of her smiles on me, and I do not know to what height of prosperity I might have attained, had it not been for the following unlucky incident: An *Auto de fé* was celebrated at Lima, and though the burning part of the ceremony had been omitted for several years, I could not help expressing my dislike to what still remained of this august solemnity, and the more so as I had been the victim of oppression and fanaticism in my own country. The governor Don Gonzalo de Tarrega Tojo Borja e Quinones, who had long borne me a grudge on account of my decided predilection towards the Prussian discipline, in preference to Austrian tactics, which were

were his favourite system, took this opportunity to hint that I was a man of no principle, and he made my existence so disagreeable, that I was fain to solicit my dismissal, and I obtained it without difficulty, as there is a kind of gravitation in the moral as well as the physical world, which always makes it easier to descend than to rise in life.

“ The fruits of my œconomy during my residence in the royal city of Lima though not great, enabled me to go to Porto Bello, and thence to Jamaica, and I carried with me a letter of introduction to Mr. Whitehat, one of the principal planters in the island. I contrived to insinuate myself into his good graces, and was about to be entrusted with a share of his business, when unfortunately chancing to dine with him on Good Friday, he asked me why I did not eat meat?

meat? and upon my making known to him the cause of my abstinence, he took me aside after dinner and said that he should be wanting to the common principles of self-preservation if he continued to place any confidence in a man, who might have the Pope's licence in his pocket for the plunder and extermination of all protestants, upon the principle that no faith was to be kept with heretics. It was in vain that I protested against the existence of any such licence, and that I argued against the possibility of society holding together for a twelvemonth, had such doctrines ever been acted upon. Mr. Whitehat answered, that he was a charitable man, and would not for the world be guilty of a rash judgment, but that he had advanced nothing more than what was to be found in the most celebrated English divines, philosophers, historians, critics, dramatists,

dramatists, and writers on cookery, and that such a mass of authority must weigh down before it all that could be alleged by any individual, however worthy of credit he might be in other respects. Absurdity, when carried to its utmost pitch, effectually puts an end to argument, and instead of attempting to convince my incredulous, or rather too credulous accuser, I walked down to the quay and bargained for my passage to Salem, with the master of a vessel who was of the society of friends called Quakers. During the voyage, which was a tedious one, because the prudent captain generally lay-to in the night, though the weather was by no means tempestuous, I had time enough to reflect on the strange fatality that seemed to persecute me, and I firmly resolved to respect the opinions of others, should it ever be my lot to fill a distinguished place

place in society. Upon our arrival at Salem, we found that the captain's brother Mr. Zebedee Straighthair, wanted a person to write French and Spanish letters of business, and I was consequently installed in that office. It now seemed as if I had got into the very sanctuary of regularity; the whole family was up by seven o'clock in the morning, and fast asleep again before nine in the evening. My employer never swore, seldom got drunk, and paid my salary at the mathematical moment it became due. But I soon perceived that this punctuality comprised the whole of the advantages which I should reap from my present situation, and that I might be worn to the stump in friend Straighthair's service, without ever enjoying in a larger portion of his confidence or emoluments, unless I chose to wear oddly fashioned cloaths, and
would

would make it a point of honour to speak to God Almighty with my hat on. I was beginning to be tired with this monotonous display of negative virtues, when something very positive determined me to migrate once more: Miss Charity Straighthair, the eldest daughter of Zebedee, thought proper to commune with me much oftener than was necessary, and to employ such significant words and phrases, as left no doubt that she was warmed with something more than sisterly affection towards me, and as I was not inclined to profit by her weakness, I immediately took measures for quitting the place, well knowing that not even a quaker girl's love is to be slighted with impunity. My next place of residence was the capital of New England, where, after carrying on business very successfully with a young Bostonian, whose sister I
had

had married, I was much surprised one day at the proposal of some of the principal inhabitants of the town who offered to elect me to an important office in the state. I thanked them gratefully for their kind intentions, but at the same time begged leave to decline the proffered dignity, inasmuch as I had no taste for public affairs, and because I was of a different religion from that professed by my constituents; a circumstance which I thought it proper to acquaint them with. These good people replied that my first reason was sufficiently strong, but as for the second it was with them a matter of no importance. Gracious Lord! I exclaimed, are you not the people who some years ago, hanged a cat for killing a rat on a Sunday? Yes, answered the spokesman of the deputation, and I also remember that, when a boy, I was soundly whipped by

VOL. II. D my

my father for having the devil's books, *i. e.* a pack of cards in my possession : but we are now grown wiser, and do not interfere with the amusements of cats and card-players, much less with the speculative opinions of our fellow citizens. This sensible reply made no small impression on me, and added greatly to the comfort of my life.

“ But the sum of human happiness, says a Persian sage, is to that of human misery, as a molehill in the gardens of Ispahan, to the towering heights of the immeasurable Caucasus ; and I have not found that any experience of mine could give the lie to this notable Oriental apophthegm : my wife died, and in her grave, for a time, I buried all my prospects of felicity.

“ Were I less candid, I should pass over in silence what next ensued, and forbear to mention that I conceived the extraordinary

dinary design of going to live among the savages most remote from any European settlement. Grief was, no doubt, the immediate cause of this extravagant resolution ; but my mind had lately become familiarised with the idea, from reading the works of some of the modern philosophers, who highly extol what they term a state of nature ; and to their sophistical declamations I had added, myself, the following argument : If that portion of my life most marked with ease and tranquillity be the one which I spent among people who, though not savages, are still placed at a great distance from the studied refinements of elegant society in the Old World ; then I may safely infer that a total secession from the corrupt manners of those who are called civilized beings must infallibly conduce to my further happiness. The writers whose absurd systems

systems had thus bewildered my imagination would have been extremely careful not to reduce their theory to practice ; but I was more sincere ; and I became an inhabitant of the wilds of America. I shall not trespass on your patience by entering into the many disgusting details of my new state of life ; suffice it to say, that when I had provided for my daily wants by hunting and fishing, the great business of existence was at an end ; that I was pinched by cold in winter, and annoyed by insects in summer ; that I could not stir from my own hut without being made sick by filth of every kind ; that savages could dispute with as much ceremony for a hatchet or a string of beads as the most greedy courtiers for the place of prime minister ; that though we were free from the persecution of lawyers, physicians, and tax-gatherers, we were
liable

liable to be assailed by animals not less rapacious, and far less civil ; that all the passions of the human heart rage with as great violence in an Indian wigwam as in the most polite capitals of Europe, without any factitious pleasures or accommodations to counterbalance them ; and, to conclude this unenticing, though faithful, description, I retired to rest at night without a soothing thought to usher in the repose of sleep, and I rose in the morning without a gleam of hope or expectation to make light the labours of the day. These reflections, and a thousand more of the same stamp, had presented themselves to me before I had been a week among the practical philosophers ; but vanity, the main-spring of human actions, would not allow me to make a speedy retreat ; besides that, I considered myself as a sophisticated being, who must get rid of his vicious habits

habits before he could walk manfully in the paths of nature ; and, after all, it was but right to give my present state a fair trial. Thus did I endeavour to drag on a miserable existence for the space of nearly eighteen months, until one day, being struck with the gradual enfeeblement of my mental faculties, which I could sensibly perceive, and which must be the inevitable consequence of dwelling among beings little superior to brutes, I made use of the remaining stock of reason still in my possession, and bade an eternal adieu to the charms of a savage life. After encountering manifold dangers and difficulties, I got to Quebec, where I found it necessary to stop some time in order to divest myself of certain little habits incidental to a state of nature, but not at all fitting or admissible in civilized society. During this delay, my brother-

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ther-in-law, at my desire, remitted to me bills of exchange to the amount of my share of the property in his hands, and I took my passage in an English vessel bound to Bristol, not without feeling a secret sort of satisfaction at the thoughts of being able to surprise, with a display of my comparative opulence, the warehouse-woman who had discarded me on account of my attachment to the *Beast*. But I was yet doomed to meet with fresh disappointments ; for we were stopped in the mouth of the channel by a French privateer, which informed us of the commencement of hostilities between England and France, and which carried us into Bourdeaux. An American passport saved my person from imprisonment, and the manner in which my property was conveyed prevented it from falling a prey to the captors. The appearance of every thing

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that I now saw filled me with astonishment. I had been taught to consider the French nation as a model of elegance and politeness, they having announced themselves as such to the whole world for upwards of a century : but here I could perceive nothing but beastly men, nauseous women, ferocious looks, and marks of wretchedness. It was natural for me to express the cause of my surprise ; and I was told that the abuses to which I alluded had indeed existed under the old form of government, but that a regenerated people felt it beneath its majesty to ape the manners of tyrants and their satellites. My next question was relative to some elderly men covered with rags, who were standing on the quay, and whose countenances bespoke misfortune and resignation ; and I was answered in a surly tone, that they were refractory priests.

priests. 'Some new religious order perhaps,' said I, 'or clergymen destined for foreign missions.' 'No,' bellowed out their conductor, 'these miscreants refuse to take the oath which the constitution left them at liberty to subscribe to or not ;' and without waiting for any reply, in the name of Liberty and Equality he pushed them into a boat in their way to Cayenne. Did I not fear to spin out this narrative to an unreasonable length, I think I could entertain you by describing the singular spectacle which presents itself to a stranger in a capital where society stands with its nether parts uppermost. I had no occasion for a barber or a washerwoman, as shaving and clean linen were then out of fashion : but my breakfast was brought to me by Marcus Brutus, and my boots brushed by Mutius Scævola, while Valerius Publicola, the old clothes-man, very kindly offered

to take me to a celebrated and patriotic club, of which he was president ; and there is no saying how long I might have been tempted to stay among those virtuous citizens, had I not heard one morning that my next-door neighbour was put to death, as suspected of being suspicious, upon which I determined to get out of the way of those inquisitive people, and I called on the American minister for a passport. He was not at home, but his porter told me that to find him I need only walk through the streets, and stop the first carriage I met with, as there was no other then in Paris. ‘ O Gemini ! ’ I exclaimed, ‘ only one carriage in Paris, and that one belonging to an American : surely if Solomon lived in our times, he could not say that there was nothing new under the sun.’ I first meant to have gone to Holland, but finding that the travelling-guillotine

lotine was making an excursion that way, I altered my route, and went to Berne, where I was politely received by the *Avoyer* S—, to whose son I had shewn some civilities at Boston. As prudence no longer obliged me to claim the protection of a country to which in strict truth I did not belong, I freely descanted with my worthy host on the peculiar difficulties under which my native land had laboured for a length of time, unexampled in the history of Europe. In reply, he expressed a wish that its state might receive that amelioration of which it stood so much in need, and also that my countrymen would cease to be so bigotted to their religious opinions, as he had a decided aversion to bigotry of all kinds. It chanced to be on a Saturday evening that this conversation took place, and, previous to my departure, I asked the *Avoyer* where I might

hear mass on the following morning? He answered that his public situation did not allow him to know that any such thing was practised within the limits of his jurisdiction, the laws inflicting the punishment of transportation on the offending parties; but he observed, at the same time, that if I got up early, and rode hard, I might obtain what I wanted in the Canton of Fribourg. I told him that I was now more convinced than ever that bigotry was a bad thing, and I wished M. S— a very good night.

“ In short, Sir, throughout my peregrinations in Europe and America, I have had the mortification to find that men’s words and actions are almost ever at variance; and that to speak of philanthropy and toleration, and to practise those virtues, are things widely remote from each other. These and similar reflections are to be met with in a hundred

dred common-place books ; but I went out in hopes of finding it otherwise, and I have returned loaded with this disagreeable conviction, which, besides other inconveniences, has put me rather out of humour with the delightful system of the perfectibility of the human species.

“ I forgot to mention another conversation that I had with the good *Avoyer*, the principal heads of which I will endeavour to recollect, in order to adduce a fresh, though perhaps an unnecessary, proof of the extraordinary manner in which the soundest judgments seem to have been blinded with regard to the progress and probable consequences of the events growing out of the total subversion of all the ancient institutions in France. I asked M. S— if he did not apprehend any danger from the revolutionary volcano which raged so violently
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in a neighbouring country? He answered no, and said that the Swifs were a free people who could have nothing to fear from a nation that was itself fighting in the cause of liberty, and which had fet out by renouncing all pretensions to conquest. I replied that there was a sort of *nolo episcopari* in this declaration, which, to my mind, boded no good; and I likewise instanced to him some places which had already fallen under the domination of the new-born republic. He then said that those places were either useful as military positions, or the spoils of ecclesiastical princes whom sound philosophy pointed out as unfit to hold temporal governments. I begged leave to observe, that this species of logic, if extended ever so little, might, by the help of two or three syllogisms more, annihilate every government in the world; and that I was by no means

means sanguine in my expectations of the good which was to spring out of the chaos of evil then existing in France. I had seen, indeed, the words *Liberty* and *Equality* written in capital letters over the doors, but this was to me a strong presumption that their corresponding ideas had never passed the threshold. I had witnessed the fantastic mummary of civic feasts and civic fasts, but such exhibitions could only serve to fill an honest man with indignation against the wretches who profaned and polluted every thing in itself respectable, and to inspire pity for those persons who were sensible of the disgrace and degradation they were forced to undergo. I had heard a great talk about Royalists and Republicans, about Jacobins and Moderates : but, during my stay in the country, I had never been able to discover more than two parties, one of whom chose

chose to understand by the terms *Liberty* and *Reform* every thing wild, destructive, absurd, and impracticable; while the other considered those same terms as words of reproach, the very utterance of which was the signal of impending mischief and misfortune. I then asked the *Avoyer* what kind of good could rationally be expected from such political elements as these? He seemed considerably agitated by the question, and answered that my mode of reasoning was not without foundation, but what was Switzerland to do? The combined powers acted upon such sordid, selfish, interested principles, that their friendship was almost as dangerous as the enmity of the revolutionists! To this it was impossible to make any reply. I felt appalled at the gloomy cloud that seemed to gather over the most virtuous country in Europe; and I quitted its venerable

venerable magistrate with a heavy heart, as if prophetic of the cruel events that were soon to crush him in their course. The recollection of this melancholy catastrophe renders me unfit for noticing what I saw in Germany and Poland, and I will conclude by assuring you that I shall always rejoice in having taken Berlin in my way, as it procured me the pleasure of your acquaintance."

CHAP. XXVIII.

ABOUT the middle of the third day our travellers arrived at the ancient and Hanseatic city of Hamburgh, famous for its port, its commerce, and its smoked beef.

While they were driving through the streets, Brinboc desired O'Rourke to remark the crowds that were passing to and fro, and the eagerness and solicitude which were painted on every countenance. "Yes," returned the latter, "they are all busy, and though they appear to be moving different ways, they are in fact tending to the same point, and have but one object in view, that of acquiring wealth, from the purfy Burgomaster,

gomaster who waddles on yonder, to the little Jew pedlar who creeps by the side of the wall. In other countries hereditary rank; the profession of arms, and the ambition of attaining literary eminence, diversify the occupations of such as are unwilling or unable to remain idle; but in a place where the accumulation of riches is at once the business and pleasure of life, the human mind must be contracted in its faculties, and human existence can seldom admit of the charms of variety."

The carriage stopt at one of the principal inns, the *Koenig von England*, and the strangers were ushered into their apartments on the fourth story, the only ones vacant in the house, with windows overlooking a stinking canal, the putrid waters of which were disturbed from time to time by the oars of the deeply-laden barges that floated on its surface.

surface. As soon as Fulgence had inhaled some of the vapours of the stagnant lake he put his fingers to his nose and pretended to make wry faces ; but Brinboc desired him not to give himself airs, for that the nostrils of a Parisian ought to be proof against the attacks of the most unfavoury odours.

O'Rourke then sallied out to learn when a packet would set sail for England, and he was informed that one would depart from Cruxhaven in about three days time. This delay afforded him and his companion an opportunity to see the town and its environs. The next morning they happened to stroll into a church, and while they were looking at the pictures with which it was adorned O'Rourke chanced to make use of these words * *Valgame Dios!* at the sound of which a little

* God help me.—Spanish.

swarthy man, who till then had been upon his knees in devout supplication, suddenly started up, and addressing him in Spanish, called him by the endearing name of countryman. O'Rourke endeavoured in vain to convince the Spaniard of his mistake. His assurances were conveyed in such good Castilian that the latter was not to be argued out of his error, which rather seemed to gather strength from the very means employed to eradicate it. He told O'Rourke that he had come from Malaga as servant to a Swedish captain of a ship, but that he was heartily tired of his bargain and wished himself back in the kingdom of Grenada, having no great taste for travelling. O'Rourke then asked him if he knew where he was? "In a church to be sure," answered the other. "Yes," resumed O'Rourke, "and a Lutheran one too, a cir-

a circumstance you were perhaps not aware of. “*Demonio!*” exclaimed the Grenadian, “so I have been saying my prayers all this time in a Lutheran church; and those hags yonder,” said he, pointing to some old women with flapped caps, “they are *Bruxas**, I suppose.”

Brinboc and his friend went away laughing heartily at the simplicity of this poor fellow; but they both agreed that such prejudices ceased to be a matter of laughter, when they were met with in persons whose education and habits ought to have implanted more liberal ideas in their minds; and that what was a pardonable weakness in an illiterate cabin-boy, would be a disgrace, if not a crime, in a Prime Minister or a Lord Chancellor.

* Witches, sorceresses.

After

After dinner they inquired if there were any public amusements, and received for answer, that as it was Sunday plays were not allowed to be acted, but that they might see a pantomime, and walk in the gardens of the *Vauxhall*. This nice distinction between the licit and illicit recreations of the Sabbath gave O'Rourke and Brinboc a high opinion of the casuistical powers of the venerable senate of Hamburgh, and the former declared that not even in Yankeyland had he ever met with any thing so edifying. As soon as they were sufficiently tired with the absurdity of the pantomimic exhibition they resolved to avail themselves of the liberty afforded by the Theological *senatus consultum*, especially as they were going to a country where their consciences would not have so much scope, and they proceeded to take a turn in the *Vauxhall*, which
joined

joined the theatre. Here they did not tarry long, as the night was raw and biting, and they left it, expatiating at the same time on the odd and unaccountable circumstance of these nocturnal walks having been first thought of in a Northern climate, while the inhabitants of the tropics were fond of confining themselves in a hot ball-room. But this last species of amusement had also escaped the senatorial prohibition; for at the end of the garden there was a sort of *guingette*, or coffee-house, one apartment of which was provided with an orchestra and allotted to those who chose to dance. The company bore a very scurvy appearance, and our two pilgrims thought it was time to depart when they saw the ball opened by a dirty fellow in a groom's coat and a little hump-backed Jewess; nor did they imagine that the assembly was at
that

that moment honoured by the presence of a neighbouring monarch travelling incog.

The next morning was taken up in surveying Altona and its beautiful environs, which crown one of the shores of the majestic Elbe; and they dined at the house of a French *restaurateur*, or cook, with whom Brinboc found a number of his countrymen, laughing, singing, and capering, under circumstances that would have made half as many old Romans, or modern Englishmen, hang or poison themselves. On the way back the travellers contrived to pay a visit to the illustrious father of German poetry, the immortal Klopstock; and they left the author of the Messiah with emotions of surprise and admiration, similar to those which a botanist might experience on finding a moss-rose growing among funguses upon a dunghill. As they

VOL. II. E were

were entering one of the gates of Ham-
burgh O'Rourke was struck with the
inscription "*Da nobis Domine pacem in
diebus nostris,*" and he remarked that
the remainder of the verse need not
have been omitted: "*Quia non est alius
qui pugnet pro nobis, nisi tu Deus noster.*"
Early the next day they settled with
their host, and, after paying an exorbi-
tant number of *márks*, embarked on the
river for Cruxhaven. As they descend-
ed the Elbe, O'Rourke observed that
the magnificent scene reminded him,
though in miniature, of the Ohio and
the Chesapeake; and Fulgence began to
think that the voyage from Paris to St.
Cloud was not such a stupendous enter-
prise as he had been accustomed to con-
sider it heretofore.

CHAP. XXIX.

WE must now leave for a time the hero of these memoirs, his companion, and his follower, in order to resume the melancholy tale of the ills that befel the gentle Eugenie, in consequence of the machinations of her relentless persecutor.

It is scarcely necessary to inform the reader, that the whole history of Chevreville's arrestation and imprisonment was a mere fable, invented by that villain for the purpose of drawing Eugenie from her retirement at Fontenaye, and thereby making her concur to her own destruction. He had imparted his scheme to some associates, only inferior to himself in wickedness, and these

wretches declared that it met with their full approbation. Chevreuille always considered the virtues of others as so many pledges for the success of his own abominable designs ; and as he was well acquainted with the candour and sincerity of Eugenie's heart, he made no doubt that she would fall into the snare he had laid for her, and upon the receipt of his letter, come immediately to Paris. He therefore instructed the messenger to have a carriage in readiness, in which he should conduct Eugenie to town, and leave her at a house of ill-fame in the *Rue Montmartre*, the mistress of which was to assume the name and appearance of Chevreuille's aunt, labouring under the greatest affliction for her supposed nephew's misfortune ; the latter was then to make a sudden appearance, as if unexpectedly acquitted by the revolutionary tribunal, and, in a transport

transport of gratitude for the kind interest Eugenie had shewn for his fate, to make a declaration of the warmest passion, and to press her to crown his happiness by marriage. Should Eugenie refuse to accede to this offer, shew any symptoms of disgust at its proposal, or appear alarmed at the appearance of collusion or treachery that might display itself among the actors in this farce, then Chevreuille was to throw off all reserve, and avail himself immediately of the power in his hands, without being at the trouble of going through any other formalities.

Such was the infernal plot which Chevreuille communicated to his worthy compeers, and which extorted from them the highest eulogiums on his wit, invention, and imaginations.

He had invited them to a repast on the day that he promised should be the

last of Eugenie's insulting virtue ; and, during the debauch, nothing else was talked of but the insufferable impudence of a woman who affected to be more innocent than her neighbours, and the indispensable necessity that existed of putting an end to usurped distinctions of every kind, as well in manners as in rank, without which the work of regeneration would be left imperfect. One of the company expressed a hope that the young lady would not be so aristocratic as to confine her smiles to those only who could prove their nobility, for that he gloried in being the son of a nightman ; a second expatiated on the pleasure *Monsieur le Chevalier* would feel (meaning Brinboc) when he heard that his sister was walking the streets of Paris ; and a third asked Chevreuille if he really meant to monopolise this extraordinary beauty to himself ? To this
interroga-

interrogation the giver of the feast answered, with an assumed air of solemnity, that he was from *principle* an enemy to monopolies and privileges of all kinds, and he pledged his *honour* that, at a proper time, the female citizen should be at the entire disposal of his friends. The reader is, no doubt, already sufficiently disgusted with these details, to wish for any further account of such orgies, which were at length interrupted by the arrival of the messenger from Fontenaye.

Chevreville took Madame de Flavigny's letter, and having read it, threw it upon the table with an air of indifference, and desired his guests to give their opinions as to the style and contents of this extraordinary epistle.

No sooner was his injunction complied with, than the room resounded with the vociferations of those mis-

creants, who all, in one voice, offered their services to Chevreville to chastise the impertinent presumption of two women who dared to bestow injurious epithets upon such a respectable member of society as M. de Chevreville.

The usual violence of their dispositions was now so much encreased by the effects of the wine, which they had swallowed in large quantities, that some of them were for proceeding as soon as it was dark to Fontenaye-aux-Roses, and carrying off Eugenie in spite of all resistance; but one of the party objected to this plan, as not without danger to those who might be concerned in it, and advised them to go a surer way to work. "Gentlemen," continued this villain, "I have the honour to serve the Republic in quality of clerk to one of the committees which are entrusted with the executive power, and I should consider

sider myself as totally unworthy of the situation I fill, if I did not join heart and hand in so praiseworthy a design as that of bringing to order two rebellious females, notoriously remarkable, as I am informed, for their disaffection to the present order of things, by which we all subsist. I approve mightily of the zeal you manifest for our friend Chevreille's interest in this affair; but still I think that we may pursue measures equally efficacious, and less productive of trouble to ourselves. If it be agreeable to our worthy entertainer, I promise to have this refractory nymph, and her antiquated companion, in safe custody by nine o'clock to-morrow morning. After which she shall either submit to the treatment and discipline my friend has in store for her, or *bow to the Statue of Liberty**,

* A cant phrase, meaning decapitation by the Guillotine.

just as she may think fit. Her correspondence with *M. le Chevalier*, and other emigrants, will, no doubt, afford more than sufficient cause for her arrestation; and the only thing that grieves me is, that it cannot be done this evening, because my principal, the secretary of the committee, without whose concurrence it is not safe for me to act, is dead drunk at this moment, according to his daily custom."

This harangue was received with loud applause by the whole band of ruffians; but, before they separated, Chevreville took the clerk aside, and thanking him for his friendly intentions, told him not to put his plan into immediate execution, for that he had particular reasons to wish it deferred for some time longer. The truth was, that the idea of debauching Eugenie's person without polluting her mind, afforded him but a partial satisfaction;

tisfaction ; and, as he fancied that he had made some impression on her heart, he determined to try another effort for achieving his double scheme of villainy, ere he should have recourse to the expedient of force, which would only glut his vengeance, without satiating his other malignant passions.

CHAP. XXX.

WHILE Chevreuille was revolving within himself the most proper means for ensuring Eugenie's destruction, and unbending from this more serious pursuit of wickedness, in the relaxation of ordinary and habitual profligacy, the destined victim of his execrable designs, and her virtuous friend, were living in a state of tormenting suspense, under the unceasing apprehension of some further molestation from the man whom they were now forced to consider as their most implacable enemy.

To a mind like that of Eugenie, unstained by any crime of its own, and untaught by bitter experience to suspect guilt in that of another, the struggle is

violent and cruel by which, for the first time, it feels constrained to sever itself from an object which it had before viewed with a degree of complacency bordering upon affection. Reason, and the conscious dignity of unaffected virtue, enabled her to come out triumphant from this trial; and she would sometimes throw her arms about Madame de Flavigny's neck, and, with unfeigned gratitude, praise her friend for that superior power of discrimination, which had foreseen the danger where it had entirely escaped her own discernment. The latter used to receive these demonstrations of kindness from the innocent girl in silent tenderness, rather than wound her feelings still deeper by assuring her, as she might have done, that the advantage was solely to be attributed to her longer intercourse with the world, with the iniquities of which

which Eugenie was yet so slightly acquainted.

Madame de Latouche, in the effervescence of her zeal for Eugenie's safety, or out of hatred to Chevreuille, had performed a journey to Paris on purpose to get to the bottom of the story of the latter's imprisonment; and though she did not learn the whole of what we have already informed the reader, still she learned enough to convince her and her friends, that Chevreuille's imposture could only be the commencement of some of his accustomed works of darkness. This reflection was a constant source of chagrin and disquietude to Eugenie and Madame de Flavigny, and from that time they never went to bed without fearing that their rest might be interrupted by a domiciliary visit, and every knock at the gate seemed to be the forerunner of some new misfortune.

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To add to the gloominess of their prospects, Madame de Latouche told them one day, that it was no longer compatible with her own safety to visit them any more ; for that, from the atrociousness of Chevreuille's character, and from the means he possessed of annoying the objects of his restless malignity, they must expect fresh persecutions, and that it would be of no use to them to involve herself in their ruin. The *presidente* then descanted with great eloquence upon the virtue of benevolence, and the charms of disinterested friendship ; and, after throwing out some broad hints at the services she had already performed, and the dangers her generosity had prompted her to encounter for their sakes, she took her departure in the pious hope of never hearing their names mentioned again, unless their fortunes should be materially improved.

Of

Of all the changeable things in this fluctuating world, that which is least to be depended upon, is the attachment of the selfish and the narrow-minded.

About this time, and on the same day, Eugenie received two letters, though of different dates, one from Brinboc, and the other from Madame de Rosenfelt. The former was kind and affectionate as usual, but did not contain any novelty whatever, though, from some passages in it, she could infer that a preceding letter of her brother's had never reached her. That of Madame de Rosenfelt, however, filled Eugenie with astonishment, for it informed her of Brinboc's sudden and constrained departure from Berlin; of the intended marriage already spoken of; and of the resolution to extricate Eugenie from her present disagreeable situation, with the measures that it would

would be necessary to adopt in order to effect her escape.

On the first perusal of Madame de Rosenfelt's letter they were overpowered with joy at the prospect of Eugenie's escape from her present dangers; like mariners who, having clung for a long time to the fragments of a wreck, perceive at last a vessel coming from afar to their relief. But when they took the matter into serious deliberation, and when they reflected on the perils that must naturally environ them in such an attempt, these virtuous women, unaccustomed to the more boisterous scenes of life, could scarcely muster resolution enough to consider Madame de Rosenfelt's plan as practicable, so much were they alarmed at the frightful prospect that seemed to lie before them.

“Alas!” exclaimed Eugenie, “how little is our real situation known to my brother,

brother, and to her whom I may now call my sister. They vainly imagine that we have only to contend with ordinary difficulties, and to provide against ordinary dangers, to extricate ourselves from which it will be barely necessary to have recourse to common exertions. They are far from conceiving that, besides the share of misfortune which has fallen to our lot, as well as to that of the country in general, we are become the special objects of the persecution of a man who will leave no means unemployed to bring ruin upon our heads. In the wildest wanderings of fancy they could never suppose for a moment that I could have been so imprudent as to have been, in part, the cause of this distress, by lending an ear to the insidious declarations of one who too easily imposed upon my credulity. Oh, my dearest Flavigny, were I doomed to bear
this

this load alone, I should endeavour to expiate my fault without repining at the sufferings which it so justly entailed; but when I reflect that I have also involved you in unmerited calamity, I feel the sting of self-reproach adding a cruel poignancy to all my sorrows."

Here the amiable girl burst into a flood of tears, and her friend, who truly deserved that most precious and venerable of appellations, unlike the selfish *presidente*, only redoubled her efforts to assuage the wounded feelings of the tender Eugenie; and, upon the return of calm, suggested to her the necessity of answering Madame de Rosenfelt's letter without loss of time; that by a more complete exposition of their real state, that lady might fall upon some prompt and efficacious expedient to snatch them from the evils which seemed to await them on every side. This advice of
Madame

Madame de Flavigny was immediately attended to by Eugenie, and that without any difficulty, as the common intercourse, by post, was now open between France and Prussia.

CHAP. XXXI.

LEWIS XI. of France, who first established regular posts in his dominions for the conveyance of letters, was an execrable tyrant, though his invention was a good one. It is probable that Madame de Rosenfelt and Eugenie never thought of this point of history when they were corresponding with each other, because it is the common disposition of our natures to profit by every thing that suits our convenience, without being at the trouble of enquiring who provided it for us ; though, when we are put out of our way by any unexpected obstacle or cross incident, we are apt to be very clamorous, and to investigate, with great assiduity, the causes

causes of those unforeseen disappointments.

These reflections are not immediately connected with the subject of our history, but it would have been unpardonable in compilers of Modern Memoirs not to have followed the illustrious examples which are daily presented to them in the art of digressing ; and having thus paid a reverential mark of homage to the taste and fashion of the times, we resume with fresh ardour, and some more confident hopes of approbation, the main thread of our narrative.

Brinboc and his friend had managed matters so nicely, that they arrived at Cruxhaven at the very moment the packet-boat was weighing anchor to get under way, so that they did not go ashore, but stepped out of the barge into the vessel, whither they were followed by Fulgence with their baggage.

When

When our travellers got on board, the quarter-deck was pretty well crowded with passengers, although some few had been already obliged to go down, and seek relief in their beds, from the nauseating effects of the ship's motion, and the offensive smell of the bilgewater.

Brinboc and his valet, who were now, for the first time, rocked on the lap of Thetis, soon betrayed symptoms of how little this kind of exercise agreed with their stomachs, and were conveyed in the arms of the sailors to their respective births: but O'Rourke, who was a seasoned seaman, did not give in so easily, and only quitted the deck when he was forced so to do by the coldness of the night. Having descended into the cabin, he sought for his friend, whom he found in all the pangs and tribulation of sea-sickness, a malady which, as it is
never

never supposed to end fatally, seldom creates much sympathy or compassion in those who are not affected by it themselves.

This was precisely the case in the present instance, for O'Rourke began to make merry at Brinboc's expence, and jokingly asked him if he did not think himself in some danger, now that there were but a few planks between him and eternity? The latter answered, with an ancient philosopher, that he considered all the roads leading from this world to the next as equally short, and that, consequently, he was not under the smallest uneasiness of the sort which O'Rourke alluded to, but that he ardently wished he could have provided himself with a triple coat of armour round the abdominal regions, to protect them against the rude assaults they were forced to undergo, instead of the "*triplex æs*
circa

circa pectus” of the Roman lyric, and of which he declared he did not stand in need.

Whether it was that nature began to operate in Brinboc’s favour, or that the charms of conversation made him forget his sufferings, he felt so much relieved that he ventured to take a survey of what was to be seen around him by the glimmering light of a lantern suspended from the ceiling of the cabin. His attention, however, was soon principally directed to the birth exactly facing his own, from whence there issued frequent moans and groans, enlivened every now and then by volleys of imprecations, sometimes in the French and sometimes in the German language. Brinboc listened awhile, and then told O’Rourke, that, if his ear did not deceive him mightily, the sounds they had been hearkening to could issue from no one

but the renowned philosopher Halfatz, of whom he had spoken before. O'Rourke was delighted with the idea of becoming acquainted with so extraordinary a personage, and requested his friend to fall upon some device by which they might ascertain whether the learned Alfacian was really one of their shipmates. Brinboc readily assented to this desire, and called out, in a feigned and hollow voice, "Citizen Halfatz! Citizen Halfatz! Citizen Halfatz!" The citizen, not less astonished and little less alarmed than if he had heard himself summoned by the public accuser of the revolutionary tribunal, roared out "Who, in the Devil's name, is he who calls me?" "Friend," returned Brinboc, "I perceive that you are in pain, and feeling a disagreeable sensation on that account, which I wish to get rid of, I beg leave to offer you some relief in
this

this your lamentable situation.” “Proceed then quickly,” replied Halfatz, “for I am suffering the tortures of the d—d, and if some one does not come to my succour I believe that I shall heave up my heart and soul before another hour is over.” “In the first place,” resumed Brinboc, “keep your mind in a perfect state of suspense, and by no means let it oscillate to and fro between the notions of pain and the desire of being relieved. This point gained, avail yourself of the earliest opportunity of making an act of velleity that you will not be sick : then proceed from the general principle to the particular application, and make a second act of velleity, both prompt and vigorous, that you will not allow the economy of your intestines to be discomposed in so outrageous a manner ; and if this last act be performed in a manner

adequate to the end which it is meant to produce, your only care will be to draw down your nightcap and to go to sleep : pray is not this method very simple ?”

The philosopher, instead of making any answer to Brinboc’s concluding interrogation, endeavoured to raise himself up in the bed, and stretching out his neck, exhibited a figure worthy of the pencil of a Hogarth. His complexion, generally of a fiery red, was now, from the effects of sickness, changed into muddy purple, as if his face had been immersed in a tub of madder ; his beard had not been shaved for three days ; his eyes glared with a mixture of surprise and anger ; his mouth was distended to an almost incredible size ; and a large greasy woollen cap, that enveloped his head, gave him an appearance at the same time so grotesque and so hirsute that O’Rourke, who had been highly amused

amused by the foregoing dialogue, could no longer contain his countenance, but burst into an immoderate fit of laughter. This explosion operated as a signal for Halfatz to retreat; he slunk down into bed again; and, instead of attempting a rejoinder of any sort, he contented himself by bestowing two or three hearty curses in German upon those who not only made him a subject of derision, but who also turned into ridicule the most sublime doctrines of modern philosophy.

The next morning, by the advice of O'Rourke, Brinboc ventured to go upon deck again, from which effort he received much benefit, and his example was followed by the rest of the passengers, not omitting Monsieur Halfatz. When the latter had ascended to the top of the companion-stairs, the first object that presented itself to his sight was our hero, neither whose face or voice

he had been able to recognise the preceding night. He seemed in doubt at first what part he should act; but probably reflecting on the inequality of the contest, in point of numbers at least, he sued for peace in the following words: "M. de Brinboc, you have had your jest, and I have been deadly sick without jest: are you satisfied with what is past? if you are, all I have to entreat is, that you will not push this matter any farther." "Agreed to," answered Brinboc, "provided that you promise never to speak in my presence of the all-powerful effects of acts of velleity, or of the perfectibility of the human species." "*Durus est hic sermo*," replied the sage, "but I will compromise the business if you please, by accepting the condition you enjoin for the time that we may happen to remain together in this ship." Brinboc, not chusing to appear

pear untractable in the moment of victory, acceded to the other's proposal, and included in the truce his ally O'Rourke, whose loud marks of merriment the evening before, had given much offence to the metaphysician.

CHAP. XXXII.

THE *status quo ante bellum* being thus happily settled, the contracting powers were beginning to think of employing their forces in some other way, when an English gentleman of good appearance, who had been taken up in conversation with the captain of the packet, suddenly meeting O'Rourke face to face, they shook each other by the hand like old acquaintances. After some previous discourse, the latter introduced Sir James M'Corcodale (for such was the gentleman's name) to his friend Brin-boc, as a person whom he had known at Vienna, Carlsbad, Dresden, and other places.

They

They first talked over their voyages and travels, and then Brinboc let Sir James M'Corcodale into the secret of Halfatz's character, whose appearance had excited his curiosity.

Dinner being now served up on deck for those who did not venture to descend into the gloomy dungeon of the cabin, the philosopher fell to work with his usual voraciousness, and only desisted when there was nothing more to devour. Then he directed his attacks to another quarter, and swallowed such copious draughts from a brandy-bottle that he emptied it in a trice. Having completely gorged himself, he became extremely communicative, and informed the company that he had a plan in his head, which he meant should be carried into execution upon his arrival in England, and which would be productive of great utility to that country, and of

equal honour to himself. This plan was, that London should be parcelled out into four great wards or divisions, known by the names of Europe, Asia, Africa, and America; the principal streets and squares of each division to be named after the different independent states of the corresponding quarter of the world; and the lanes, courts, and alleys to receive the denominations of the cities, towns, and rivers most worthy of note in that same quarter. Analogous to this general plan, he meant to propose another improvement, which was, that no shopkeeper or tradesman should be allowed to hang out any sign but what bore a proper reference to the part of the town he inhabited: thus, in the division of Asia, a butcher should be obliged to sell meat at the sign of Confucius; in that of Europe, a haberdasher should exhibit Galileo's head; in

in Egypt-street, a lottery-office keeper distribute his tickets under the sign of the Sphynx; while, in Delaware-lane, an old woman might accommodate her customers with gin, provided a portrait of Dr. Franklin hung over the door. M. Halfatz continued to observe, that the advantages arising from this scheme were such as must strike every one. In the first place, the general stock of knowledge, as well historical as chronological and geographical, would be greatly increased; and, secondly, the greater diffusion of useful science would be principally felt by that class of people who stood most in need of it; as, for example, a hackney-coachman would not drive his fare from Rome-square to Carthage-place without meditating on the deeds of valour and acts of patriotism that had immortalised those ancient republics; and a drayman might

F 6

be

be impressed with the most salutary horror against priestcraft and superstition, by the mere accident of unloading his small beer at the Mufti alehouse on Constantinople-hill. He added that it would be waste of time to dwell any longer on the obvious benefits resulting from so excellent a plan, and he concluded by offering to wager all he was possessed of, that if his project should be universally adopted, not a vicious or tyrannical government in the world would be able to maintain its ground for twenty years. One of the passengers, a German professor of botany from Gotha, complimented our philosopher on his enlightened and philanthropic views, which he assured him were worthy of a Solon or Lycurgus : but Sir James M'Corcodale whispered in Brinboc's ear that he began to think the man was stark staring mad. This difference of
opinion,

opinion, however, was soon lost in the general alarm occasioned by the sailor at the mast-head crying out that he perceived in chase of the packet, a vessel that had much the appearance of a thief, *i. e.* a privateer. As soon as night came on the captain altered his course, and ordered all the lights to be extinguished; but these precautions did not avail him, for at break of day he found that the enemy had also tacked, and had gained upon him so much during the chase, that he had no more time than what was absolutely necessary to prepare for an engagement. After the previous arrangements had been made, he addressed his crew and passengers in one of those short but pithy speeches used by the brave sons of Neptune on similar occasions, and which was so well received by the hardy race, to whom it was principally directed, that they gave their commander three cheers
as

as a proof of how sensible they were to the charms of his eloquence. Brinboc, O'Rourke, and Sir James M'Corcodale had equipped themselves with swords and pistols, and formed a small but trusty band near the captain's person, when Brinboc, taking O'Rourke aside, spoke to him in the following words: "My dear friend, you know that the fate of war is uncertain, and that there are persons for whose welfare I am anxious even beyond the period of my own existence; should it be my lot to fall in this engagement, and your's to survive it, do not forget Eugenie and Madame de Rosenfelt. Our acquaintance is of no long standing, but I have the fullest reliance on your friendship. Forgive me if I appear too importunate, and remember that there is no one else present of whom I could ask so much." O'Rourke had only time to press his friend's

friend's hand with all the ardour of sincere affection, when the enemy poured a broadside into the vessel, a salute which was returned with an equal degree of vigour on their part. The battle, though hot, was not long; for as the enemy's object was plunder, and not glory, after two or three ineffectual attempts to board, in the repelling of which Brinboc eminently distinguished himself, they thought proper to sheer off, notwithstanding the superiority of their force.

The first care after the combat ceased was to enquire about the killed and wounded; but of the former there appeared fortunately to be none, and of the latter only four, and these not dangerously, excepting one poor fellow, whose right leg had been so much shattered that the surgeon deemed it necessary to amputate it above the knee.

While

While he was preparing his instruments for this painful operation, he told the wounded man that he was sorry for his accident : “ Never mind that,” answered the brave tar, “ I have done my duty, now do your’s : all I hope is, that if I die of this job my wife and children may not be neglected.” A subscription was immediately opened among the passengers for his relief, and Sir James M’Corcodale desired the captain to give him the name and place of abode on shore of this gallant sailor, that he might settle an annuity of twenty pounds upon him and his wife for life ; a trait of generosity which gave Brinboc and O’Rourke a high opinion of the goodness of Sir James M’Corcodale’s heart, and the other passengers a great respect for his fortune, which they had not suspected before, on account of the simplicity of his dress and manners. “ But where is M. Hal-fatx ?”

fatz?" exclaimed some one. M. Halfatz was sought for above and below; M. Halfatz's name was called again and again; but no M. Halfatz was to be found either dead or alive, and at last it was concluded that the unfortunate philosopher had fallen overboard during the night, and that the great benefits arising from his new nomenclature for the streets of London was now lost to the English nation and to the world for ever.

These melancholy ideas, however, were soon dispelled by the report of one of the sailors, who, with a broad grin, informed the captain that he had discovered the sage in the hold, safely lodged between two mattresses, which he had fancied might serve as anti-conductors had the enemy's balls been travelling that way. From this lurking-place was the metaphysical poltroon dragged

dragged out amidst the gibes and sarcasms of the seamen, and so much was he abashed, that he hardly ventured to shew his face during the rest of the voyage. The professor of botany also had taken no share in the action, but as he was an old man, and about to publish a *Flora Gothensis*, his neutrality was not censured, both on account of his years, and for fear of offending the admirers of the sexual system.

CHAP. XXXIII.

As soon as the passengers landed at Yarmouth they were conducted to the custom-house, where their clothes were tossed and tumbled about, at the trifling expence of half a crown for each trunk or portmanteau.

Halfatz, who now considered himself free from the promise which he had made to Brinboc on board the packet, began to grumble at this inconvenience arising from the nature of civilized society ; but O'Rourke soon stopped his mouth by telling him, that if savages did not exact tolls and duties on their frontiers, they did worse, for they seized every thing that chanced to please them, and left the traveller naked. This was the last conference

ference that they had with the philosopher, a circumstance which did not afflict them greatly; for if they had been a good deal amused at first by his paradoxes, his absurdity and presumption had finally rendered him a complete nuisance to the whole company, excepting the German professor, who considered Halfatz as a prodigy of wisdom and genius, and who thought that he could not do better than dedicate his *Flora* to so great a man.

Brinboc, O'Rourke, and the Baronet adjourned to the principal inn, and, while the supper was getting ready, the latter proposed that they should proceed together to town in his coach which was waiting for him, and that Fulgence and his own valet should follow them in a hired chaise. The two friends bowed in silent acquiescence to this offer; but Sir James happening to leave the room soon

soon after, Brinboc whispered to O'Rourke that he feared he had been guilty of an act of imprudence in agreeing to the Baronet's proposal, as the expences attending such a mode of travelling might not agree with the delicate constitution of his purse. "Be not under any apprehension on that score," returned O'Rourke, "for I know that he travels with his own horses: besides, our being with him would not necessarily occasion any greater expence even if such were not the case; for in this country, where the words Liberty and Equality are not written over the doors, a man may travel fast or slow, as he likes best, and is not forced to pay for a horse that is quietly eating its oats in the stable."

As Brinboc was endowed with that true species of magnanimity which enables a man to accommodate himself without

without repugnance to every circumstance short of dishonour, he cheerfully submitted to an arrangement which his mind whispered to him that he would have been the first to propose, had fortune been pleased to reverse the relative situation of the parties.

The next morning the triumvirate set out for London in Sir James's carriage, and they had not proceeded many miles before Brinboc took notice of the appearance of ease and comfort generally diffused throughout the country, and he concluded his remarks by saying, that he began to attach a certain degree of credit to some of the writers of his own nation, who had asserted that the English were a people of philosophers. "I beg leave," answered Sir James, "to enter my protest against the character bestowed upon us by the visionary writers to whom you allude; and likewise

wise to assure you, that if we were indeed a people of philosophers, in their acceptation of the phrase, we should long since have become an easy prey to any of our neighbours who would have taken the trouble of conquering us. An Englishman is attached to his native soil by the strongest ties; ties that, I hope, will never be dissolved, and certainly can never be replaced by the dark, doubtful, and indefinite principles (if the most contradictory positions deserve that name) of modern philosophy. Good sense and the love of genuine freedom are the true causes of my country's prosperity; the former produced, and the latter protected, the blessings of industry; and until the one is sacrificed at the shrine of some chimerical system, and the other overwhelmed in the vortex of national corruption, we may bid defiance to our enemies, and successfully resist

resist the encroachments of tyrants, whether foreign or domestic. What say you, Mr. O'Rourke? do your ideas agree with mine on these subjects?" "Perfectly," answered the Hibernian, "I once endeavoured to be a practical philosopher for the space of eighteen months, and so much was I disgusted with this noviciate, that the very name of philosophy, though originally a respectable one, now fills me with a sensation of horror which I cannot possibly describe." This reply of O'Rourke's provoked M'Corcodale's curiosity, to satisfy which he was obliged to recount his adventures anew, to the no small entertainment of the Baronet, who afterwards, occasionally, called him the reclaimed philosopher.

If Brinboc was struck with the neatness and convenience of the accommodations on the road, he was still more
so

so with the comparatively small price at which he enjoyed these comforts. He had been accustomed to consider England as one of the dearest countries in Europe, and now he found that he was travelling at less expence than he could have done in France or Germany. To explain this mystery it will be necessary to inform the reader, that Sir James having considered that the finances of an emigrant were not likely to be in the most flourishing state, had fallen upon a stratagem to spare Brinboc's purse without hurting his feelings. He instructed his servant to be careful always to bring in the bill himself, not as he received it from the innkeeper, but reduced to the half of its real amount, the deficiency, of course, to be made good out of his master's pocket: the fictitious sum total being then divided among three, made the proportion of expenditure fall very

VOL. II. 6 lightly

lightly upon each ; and so skilfully was this benevolent deception carried on, that it remained a profound secret to every one, except the principal and agent in the transaction. Indeed it was only by the demise of the latter person that it ever came to light, and that in the following manner : When about to pay the last and indispensable debt, he sent for his two most intimate friends, an exciseman and a shoemaker, and delivered to them some papers sealed up, with directions that they should not be opened until fifty years had elapsed from the time of his death. Fortunately for the present generation, the executors, both authors of celebrity, preferring the general good to the fastidious delicacy of an individual, broke open the parcel, in which the foregoing anecdote was found, together with a great deal of curious matter upon various subjects, comprising

comprising travels, poems, essays, letters to and from several literary characters, &c. The whole is now in the hands of an eminent bookseller of acknowledged taste and ingenuity, and will shortly be published, with notes, in two ample volumes quarto.

CHAP. XXXIV.

THE travellers made their entry into London at the Eastern extremity of the town, and, consequently, traversed almost the whole metropolis before they arrived at Sir James's house in Grosvenor-square.

Brinboc expressed himself highly satisfied with the regularity of the buildings, the cleanliness of the streets, and the attention which was paid to the convenience and safety of the foot-passengers; while the extreme populousness of the place, the splendour of the equipages, and the magnificence of the shops, excited his admiration.

When he alighted, he thought that the external appearance of the house did
not

not correspond with the notions which he had formed of Sir James's fortune ; but he was agreeably surpris'd to find himself ushered into a handsome marble hall, ornamented with statues and vases ; and, on ascending from thence to the drawing-rooms, to discover how much they exceeded his expectations both in point of size, and elegance of furniture. He then whisper'd O'Rourke, that he never thought of meeting with such spacious and sumptuous apartments in a house of only three windows in front : to which remark his friend replied, that, in England, it was sometimes worth one's while, not to stop at the outside either of men or of things.

Sir James now request'd his fellow-travellers to consider his house as their own, saying that he could not think of letting two persons of his acquaintance go to an inn, one of whom was an entire

stranger in London, and the other very nearly in the same situation, and that his quality of bachelor enabled him to assure them, that their acceptance of his offer would confer a great pleasure on himself, without its being productive of inconvenience or uneasiness to any one else. O'Rourke thanked the Baronet for his polite invitation, of which he said he would avail himself with the less difficulty, as he did not intend to stay above a week in London, previous to his departure for his native shore. Brinboc also acquiesced to this friendly proposal, but he only consented by his looks, for his heart was too full to allow him to utter any thing. He felt grateful for the kind attentions which he was then receiving, and he likewise felt what little prospect there was of his ever having it in his power to make them a suitable return. He could not help contrasting his
former

former with his present situation : he once could have given as well as taken, but now he was doomed no longer to enjoy the pleasurable reciprocity of friendly offices. His imagination became heated by the multitude of glowing images which rushed upon his mind, and he was for a moment transported from his actual state of existence to the recollection of happier days and better times. From those visions of comparative felicity he was dragged once more to the gloomy scenes from which he had escaped himself, but which now appeared to him more terrific than ever, because his beloved sister might still be involved in them ; or, if she should be equally fortunate in her attempt to fly from those scenes, it was only to add one more to the list of exiles and wanderers, in company with the most virtuous and amiable of women, who was about to

sacrifice all the comforts attendant upon long habits, and to become the inhabitant of a foreign land, where she was unknown, and where she would be separated from part of her children ; and for whom ? for himself, for Brinboc, for a man who had it not in his power to bestow the smallest particle of relief upon a single human being !

Such were the reflections which crowded upon him in much less time than is here taken to describe them, and with a violence that language cannot express. His heart seemed to swell as if it was on the point of bursting ; the warm current of his blood was converted into an icy liquor, that crept along his veins, and thrilled his whole body ; his sight was dimmed, and his legs were bending under him, when he staggered to a chair, into which he threw himself, careless and almost uncon-

unconscious of life. Shame, however, soon roused him from this state of torpid insensibility ; he blushed for the weakness into which he had been betrayed by the acuteness of his feelings, and so much was he irritated against this act of cowardice, as he termed it, in his own mind, that he almost prayed for fresh and greater misfortunes, in order to expiate his want of fortitude under the pressure of calamities that were, perhaps, mere trifles compared to those endured by others in situations somewhat similar to his own.

Luckily for Brinboc, his violent emotions had not been noticed by Sir James or O'Rourke, as their attention had been directed towards the square, in consequence of a hackney-coach being overturned under the window at which they stood. As soon as the former perceived that there were passengers in the
G 5 coach,

coach, he ordered his servants to run, and offer all the assistance in their power to the sufferers by this accident, and to invite them into the house until another coach was sent for. The persons whom they extricated from their disagreeable situation proved to be an elderly gentleman, and a youth of about fifteen, both of whom bore the appearance of foreigners, and of military men. After Sir James had satisfied himself that they had undergone no hurt, he requested them to take some refreshment, an offer which they declined, and only begged that a person might be dispatched to procure another vehicle.

Before this request could be complied with, Brinboc had collected himself sufficiently to come down to the dining-room, where the company had seated themselves, but he was struck dumb with joy and surprise, when, in the elderly

derly gentleman, he recognized the person and features of his old friend Baron T—, whose escape from the massacre of the Swiss guards at Paris we related in the early part of this history. Our hero and the worthy Helvetian rushed into each other's embraces, and remained for some time in that posture without being able to utter a single syllable, so much were they affected by their unexpected meeting, till nature found a vent for her workings, and they mingled the tears of gratitude and friendship without controul or reserve.

After this seasonable relief, Brinboc introduced the Baron to Sir James and O'Rourke, and begged them to excuse the warmth of his emotions, as he had long feared that his friend was no more, not having heard from him since the night on which he had left Fontenay-aux-Roses. He then asked him if his

young companion was not also his son, for he thought that his countenance bore testimony to some affinity of this sort, though he did not recollect ever having seen him before. “Yes,” answered the Baron, “he is my son, who has very lately arrived in this country from the mountains of Glarus. I am about to initiate him in the profession of arms, and if I cannot make a Hannibal of him in any other way, I shall teach him, at least, to swear an everlasting hatred against the oppressors and devastators of his unfortunate country.”

Sir James observed that the pleasure attending this unforeseen meeting would be greatly diminished if M. T— persisted in his design of leaving them immediately, and that he would therefore, for M. de Brinboc’s sake, entreat him to spend the rest of the evening in their company.

The

The worthy Swiss replied that he would cheerfully give up his engagement in order to pass a few hours with the man to whom he was indebted for his life ; and he recounted to Sir James the hospitable asylum which Brinboc had given him on the night of the 10th of August 1792.

They then sat down to supper, and the Baron asked Brinboc a thousand questions about himself and Eugenie ; and particularly if he had not been the victim of his humanity, as he had reason to fear from the information which the mayor had communicated to them. Brinboc endeavoured to answer this last interrogatory in a manner the least distressing to his friend's feelings ; but the latter clearly perceived that his suspicions were but too well grounded, and he manifested evident signs of regret and sorrow for having been the cause,
however

however unwillingly, of Brinboc's subsequent troubles.

To divert his attention from this disagreeable idea, he requested the Baron to favour them with an account of what happened to him after his flight from Fontenaye; which he did in the following words:

CHAP. XXXV.

“IT was about ten o’clock, if I recollect rightly, when I left your house, and for some time I wandered about, not knowing what path to choose, as all seemed to be equally beset with danger. If I continued to stroll through the country after the return of day, it was scarcely possible that I should escape the patrols, which were moving in every direction, and which would infallibly put me to death on discovering who I was, a fate I could not hope to avoid in consequence of being unprovided with a passport, and also on account of my German accent. I therefore resolved to hazard the attempt of returning to Paris, under the persuasion that if I
once

once succeeded in passing the gates, I should find no difficulty in hiding myself in some corner of that great city.

“ Conformably to this determination I took the road of Arceuil and Ivry, and, after crossing the water near Charenton, I entered the wood of Vincennes precisely as the clock struck three. As I was a good deal tired I sat down at the foot of a tree, and began to ruminate on the means that I should employ in order to elude the vigilance of the guards posted at the *Barriere du Throne*, through which I meant to pass; but I was torturing my mind to no purpose, when fatigue overpowered the sense of danger, and I fell fast asleep.

“ My repose was of no long duration however, for I was suddenly awoke by the sound of blows, which resounded throughout the wood, and, on starting up, as it was now day, I perceived a
man,

man, who had been leading two asses loaded with charcoal, one of which had sunk under its burden, and the noise was occasioned by the violent strokes of a cudgel, in virtue of which he hoped to set the animal on its legs again. I went up to the ass-driver, whose villainous aspect agreed perfectly with the barbarity of his conduct, and I asked if I could be of any service to him? He said that his *sacrée bête* had cheated him, for that he would not have given it any food that morning if he thought it would have died before the end of the journey. I almost envied the lot of the ass, in being at last relieved from the cruelty of its merciless master; but as moralising was of no use to me in the then posture of my affairs, I told the coalman that I was going to Paris, and that if he was travelling the same road I would help to carry the panniers, which

which he had now no mode of conveying but upon his own shoulders, as the surviving ass was but barely equal to the burden already on its back. We then agreed to take the load alternately ; and when it first came to my turn to bear it, the ass-driver gave me a draught of execrable brandy, which I swallowed with great avidity, on account of the chillness that I felt throughout my body from having slept exposed to the night air. As we approached the gates of Paris I felt a degree of anxiety more oppressive than the burden on my back, and this uneasiness was not at all diminished by my conductor's asking me how I came by my Holland shirt, which made its appearance through the various rents and holes of the tattered clothes that I had resumed at Fontenaye, without parting with this article of my usual dress, which had thus very nearly betrayed me.

me. I told him that I had bought it for forty sols of a national guard, who had taken it from the body of an aristocrat whom he had killed at the storming of the Thuilleries. He seemed to be satisfied with this answer, and, fortunately for me, when we were within twenty yards of the *barriere*, we were overtaken by a troop of peasants, some on foot, and others leading horses and carts, loaded with poultry, fruit, and provisions of every kind for the markets, and in this bustle our charcoal was slightly inspected by the sentinels, but my person was not taken the smallest notice of, and consequently I was not asked a single question.

“ You may suppose that I had never made my entry into any town in such a plight before, but I can assure you, that, at the moment I am speaking of, I experienced a more lively satisfaction than
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if I had entered Paris at the head of my regiment, for I concluded that the greatest part of the danger was over. Unwilling to omit any part of the character that I was acting, when I laid down my load in the *Rue St. Antoine*, I demanded a recompense for the labour I had undergone; but the ass-driver, looking me full in the face, replied, that, if he was not much mistaken, I was pretty well paid already. Whether this was a jeer, alluding to the beverage I had tasted in the wood, or whether the scoundrel really suspected me of being a gentleman in disguise, I cannot now say, nor did I then deem it prudent to enquire; so that I marched off in silence, with no other reward for my pains than a considerable quantity of coal-dust, with which I was so completely begrimed, that I did not apprehend being recognised by my most intimate

mate

mate acquaintance, should they chance to come in my way. I was directing my steps by the *Boulevard du Temple*, towards the *Rue St. Martin*, where I meant to seek for refuge in the house of a Swiss, who had formerly been my own servant, when my progress was impeded by an immense multitude returning from the Temple, where they had been on what they called a patriotic guard during the night, and bearing in front two bloody heads stuck upon pikes, with the sight of which these monsters had been agonizing the feelings of the king and the other royal captives. I turned back with horror from this dreadful spectacle, and bent my course another way, without reflecting whither I should go, until crossing the *Pont Royal*, I was stopped by a woman, who said to me in a low voice, ‘ Baron, what are you about? if you go into the *Fauxbourg St. Germain*

you

you are lost : return with me and I will save you.'

“ I affected at first not to understand what she meant by these words, and I told her that she certainly mistook me for another person : ‘ she said that she knew me well, notwithstanding my disguise, that she had been my washer-woman for many years, and that if I would trust to her honour, and follow her, she would conduct me to a place of safety.’ I now saw that it was useless to dissemble any longer, and that this poor woman could have no sinister purpose in view, for if it had been her object to betray me, she needed only pronounce my name aloud, and I should have been arrested on the spot, and instantly dragged before the revolutionary tribunal. I therefore told her to proceed, and I followed her without hesitation, though not without feeling much disappointment

ment at the insufficiency of my disguise, in spite of the coal-dust, that made me look like a chimney-sweeper.

“ My conductress led me through several obscure streets and alleys, until we came to a miserable-looking house, the door of which she did not open immediately, but waited for an opportunity, when no one was passing by, to let me in. I was so much overpowered by fatigue, anxiety, and want of food, as well as rest, that I begged the good woman to let me repose my wearied limbs even on the brick floor : but to this she would not agree ; she insisted on my taking some nourishment, after which she shewed me up to a sort of garret, where I lay down upon a wretched truckle bed, with a single blanket for my covering, and I slept without intermission till the next morning. Notwithstanding this salutary repose, I felt very feverish

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on waking, a circumstance that I attributed to cold caught in my flight from Fontenaye; for, if you recollect, the night was damp and showery, and I found that I had got an ague, which was not likely to be removed by my present diet, consisting solely of horse-beans boiled up with some coarse kind of vegetables, and seasoned with rancid butter or hog's-lard. Of such gross food, however, I could not complain, since it was all that my benevolent hostess could afford me, and to procure which she was obliged to labour from morning until night. She used to go out as soon as the sun rose, locking the door, and taking the key in her pocket, to avoid suspicion; she then returned at mid-day with the dinner for me and herself, after which she went back to the place where she worked till the close of evening. She then visited me in my garret, and related

related to me what she had heard of the occurrences of the day, which in general was nothing but a dismal narrative of sanguinary and atrocious deeds.

“ This woman had known better days : she had been waiting-woman to the old Duchess of B—, but had left her place to marry a worthless fellow, who abandoned her in the course of a few months. After some fruitless endeavours to regain her former situation, she earned her livelihood by washing and repairing the linen of single gentlemen, but the revolution deprived her of her best customers, and a tedious fit of sickness consumed the little savings which her industry had enabled her to lay by. She now drudged in a carpet-manufactory at the rate of twenty sols a-day, and upon this miserable pittance she not only supported herself, but also fed me ; for you know, M. de Brinboc,

that I was not then master of a single farthing. I asked her how she came to be so perfectly acquainted with my person, as I did not recollect ever having seen her face before the time she accosted me on the *Pont Royal*. She answered that she had often seen me when she went to my lodgings to deliver my linen, and that I had once rendered her an important service, by sending her a small sum when she was confined by sickness, at the solicitation of my *valet de chambre*. It was with the greatest difficulty that I could recal the transaction to my mind ; and at the moment it took place I certainly did not foresee that I was bestowing relief on one who would afterwards save my life at the risk of her own. I fear, gentlemen, continued the Baron, that I tire you with the repetition of these details ; but after all the scenes of misery and horror which

which I have been forced to witness, my mind reverts to deeds of benevolence with pleasure, and dwells on them with complacency.

“ In this humble mansion of virtuous poverty I lay concealed for several days, when, growing impatient of such close confinement, and thinking that nothing but a removal could restore me to my health, I proposed to the good *Suson* to let me depart in the middle of the next night, as I could no longer think of continuing a burden to her as well as to myself. The worthy creature, with tears in her eyes, besought me not to be guilty of such a rash act, for that she heard that *La chasse aux Royalistes* * was as hot as ever ; and I promised that I would defer my intended flight until she should be satisfied that it might be effected with some greater appearance of

* The hunt after the Royalists.

success. That very evening she came up to me with evident marks of terror in her looks, and told me of the dreadful cruelties which had been perpetrated, and were still going on, at the *Abbaye de St. Germain*, the *Carmes of the Rue de Vaugirard*, &c. &c. [It was the 2d of September, and the massacres of that bloody day and the following ones are fresh in the recollection of every person.

“ I desired Susan to procure, if possible, a list of the sufferers ; and when she brought it to me the next day, I found upon it what my heart had augured but too well, that is to say, the names of persons eminently distinguished for their virtues, talents, and patriotism ; of young and beautiful women ; and of venerable old men. Some of my best friends also ! I let the paper fall from my hands ; I became almost frantic with rage ; one moment I cursed my nature, and another, as if to soften the poignancy

poignancy of my feelings, I thanked Heaven that I was not a Frenchman. A little reflection, however, soon convinced me, that there was hardly a people who had not disgraced themselves, at some period or other of their history, with scenes resembling those which I now lamented; that similar circumstances would produce similar consequences; and that the just execration of unbiaſſed poſterity would light upon the guilty few who had driven a blind multitude to the commiſſion of the moſt horrible exceſſes.

“ I ſunk on my pillow, but not to reſt; for I knew that the work of death was ſtill going on, and I fancied that I heard the groans of expiring victims, and that ſtreams of blood flowed around me on every ſide. My imagination repreſented to me all thoſe friends, whoſe names were not inſcribed on the

fatal list which I had seen, as now dragged before the sanguinary tribunal, and devoted to general destruction; and every time the clock of the Thuilleries told the hour, it seemed to strike the knell of that ill-fated and misguided monarch, who might still have been on his throne had he known that, between the governor and the governed, too much lenity must necessarily end in excessive severity on one side or on the other. From this gloomy reverie I was roused by a tremendous knock at the street door, and as the house was no more remarkable for solidity of construction, than for elegance of ornament, I could distinctly hear the voice of a person peremptorily desiring admission in the name of the nation. From the nature of the summons I instantly guessed the rest, and I submitted to my fate with the same tranquillity, though not with the same satisfaction,

satisfaction, as if I had been ordered by my commanding officer to encounter certain death on the field of battle. The door was opened, and several men entered the lower room where Susan slept, one of whom asked her if she had not in her house an officer of the Swiss guards, called Baron T—, who had conspired against the sovereignty of the people on the 10th of August? But judge of my astonishment when I heard Susan burst into a fit of laughter at the notion of a Baron's lodging in such a hovel, and resolutely declaring that she had no other inmate than a relation of her own, who had been confined to his bed with an ague for upwards of a month. 'I must be convinced by the testimony of my own eyes,' said the commander of the detachment; 'I have seen the Baron a hundred times when on guard, and I know him well; if he

be in the house he shall not escape me.' With these words he marched up stairs, desired me to rise in the bed, and, holding a lantern within a few inches of my face, surveyed me for near a minute. 'No,' said the myrmidon of revolutionary justice, turning round to his followers, 'this is not the person whom we are in search of; there is resemblance enough to have created a mistake: but the Baron is considerably fatter, not so tall, and at least ten years younger.' As soon as he pronounced this verdict the whole troop began to file off; and before he left the room he cast another glance at me, which, though very significant, had nothing ferocious in it. It is possible that my altered looks and haggard appearance might have deceived this man so far as to prevent him from recollecting my features: but I cannot help thinking that he was
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one of the many hundreds, not to say millions, in the course of the French revolution, who, becoming the instruments of tyranny and cruelty against the dictates of their own consciences, have sometimes ventured to depart from the instructions of their sanguinary rulers, when they could do it with entire safety to themselves. Such was the idea which struck me at the moment; and as, comparatively speaking, it was a pleasurable one, I adopted it with eagerness and satisfaction.

“The sequel of my story is neither long or interesting, and I shall therefore hasten to a conclusion. I obtained a passport as a labouring man returning to Dijon for the vintage; and from thence I crossed over into Switzerland without much difficulty, where I was received as one risen from the dead by my family, who, not having heard about me since

the massacre of the Swiss guards, concluded that I had perished on the memorable 10th of August.

“ I was concerned to find that my countrymen were not sufficiently alarmed at the revolutionary progress of their neighbours ; and that they fancied France was only engaged in a war of defence : as if history afforded a single instance of a powerful nation stopping short in the career of victory, to listen to the voice of justice and moderation. I had flattered myself with hopes that the mountains of Helvetia might have afforded a Thermopylæ to modern Europe ; but want of union and confidence have destroyed those hopes, and, after joining to the utmost of my power in the last struggle for the expiring liberty of my native land, I am come to offer my sword and services to the only country which seems determined to support
its

its honour and independence. This application has been attended with better success than I had perhaps any right to expect, for I am appointed lieutenant-colonel of a Swiss regiment now forming in the Isle of Wight, whither I am going, together with my son, who has also been presented with a subaltern's commission. You will not be sorry to hear, continued M. T—, that, notwithstanding my difficulties and misfortunes, I have been able to afford the good Susan some assistance, as a small token of my grateful affection towards that virtuous creature.”—Here the Baron got up to take his leave, but he was not allowed to depart until he promised Brin-boc and Sir James to dine with them the next day.

CHAP. XXXVI.

WHEN Brinboc retired to his bed-chamber he found Fulgence in waiting to assist him in undressing; but he was about to dispense with his services when the latter, begging pardon for the liberty he was going to take, asked his master if that immense tract of streets and squares which they had travelled over in order to arrive at Sir James's house constituted the place called London? "Yes," replied Brinboc, "and what then?" "*Et * notre Paris donc,*

* It is not easy to give a literal translation of this expression without weakening the idea which it was meant to convey. It has something of pity and sorrow in it, like Hamlet's "Alas, poor Yorick!"

Mon-

Monsieur !" returned Fulgence with a dejected countenance.

Brinboc hardly knew whether to laugh or scold at this ebullition of his man's patriotism : however, he told him not to be uneasy at what he saw, for that if both places were not completely happy, it was not for want of extent or population. Fulgence seemed satisfied with this reply, and he went to bed, perhaps to be haunted by the image of the fair Mademoiselle Pauline, as his master was by those of his sister and Madame de Rosenfelt.

Brinboc knew very well that it was too soon to expect letters from Berlin, as it had been agreed upon between him and his future bride that she should only write after receiving Eugenie's answer to her proposal for the latter to leave France ; and yet, strange to say, he felt a wish that Madame de Rosenfelt

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had

had not attended strictly to this arrangement, but had surprised him with a letter awaiting his arrival in London. Thus it is that we contrive, ingeniously, to torment ourselves, even when it might be supposed that fortune had been kind enough to save us that trouble. Sleep, however, would not be defrauded of its due, and in spite of all evils, real and imaginary, Monsieur de Brinboc sunk into a profound slumber just as he was forming some plans of education for the male issue that might spring from his union with the amiable relict of Colonel Von Rosenfelt.

The next morning Sir James told his guests that he would beg leave to offer them his carriage, and a person to conduct them to the principal objects of curiosity in London, while he went to pay some friendly visits to a few persons, whom

whom he was desirous of seeing after an absence of four months.

Our hero and O'Rourke set out upon the usual pilgrimage to the Abbey, St. Paul's, the Tower, &c. and came back much amused and not a little fatigued by the variety of fine things with which they had feasted their eyes during this peregrination.

“How comes it to pass,” said Brinboc to Sir James, “that among the buildings which adorn the metropolis, there is not one appropriated for the residence of the Sovereign; for as to the hovel which I was told was the palace of Saint James's, I should rather have supposed it to be a barrack, than the habitation of the monarch of a rich and powerful nation.” The Baronet was not prepared to answer this question, which had never occurred to his mind before, and as Brinboc perceived that
he

he hesitated a little, he relieved him from his difficulty by remarking that, probably a British king was indifferent about any other place of abode, while conscious of always dwelling in the hearts of his subjects.

Here they were interrupted by the porter, who presented his master with a score or two of cards, which had been left at the door in consequence of Sir James's return to England, and Brin-boc took occasion to compliment him on the great interest which his friends seemed to feel for his welfare ; but M'Corcodale assured him that there was not one of those gentlemen who would take the trouble of crossing the square to save him from ruin, except he found his own account in it. One half of them were profuse of their attentions and civilities out of respect for his parliamentary interest, and the other, because

cause they looked upon him as a good match for their daughters or sisters.

“However,” continued the Baronet, “we must not pry too closely into these matters; it is a folly for any one to suppose that he shall be courted and sought after merely out of regard to his personal merits or qualifications; and the man who is silly enough to indulge in this species of vanity will meet with the punishment it deserves, by finding himself, as it were, in a desert, on the most populous spot in the world. I do not mean to say that we are not to draw a line, and a very strong shade of difference, between those to whom we are attached by the ties of real and disinterested friendship, and those persons with whom we are thrown together in the common intercourse of life; the distance that separates these two classes from each other, in a heart susceptible of

of true sympathy and affection, is almost immeasurable; and the power of discriminating one from the other is, perhaps, the greatest advantage arising from an acquaintance with adversity."

"You have then been acquainted with that stern and ruthless deity," said Brinboc. "My chagrins and mishaps," replied Sir James, "hardly deserve that name; but they were sufficient, both in quality and duration, to furnish me with the touchstone of which I have been speaking, and I shall have no difficulty in recounting them to you at some other time."

Here the names of Baron T— and his son were announced, as well as that of Mr. Belmont, a young gentleman whom Sir James presented to the company as a relation of his own.

Dinner was soon after served up, and every thing tended to make it a truly
convivial

convivial feast, in which the pleasures of the table were enlivened and refined by the effusions of wit, good humour, and friendship. Baron T— was the first who spoke of departing, and he confessed that it was very reluctantly he was forced to tear himself from such agreeable society, but he had promised to meet his colonel that evening, and as he was to set out for the Isle of Wight the next morning, he could not depart from his engagement. No opposition could be made by any one to so strong a reason for breaking up the party, and Brinboc followed the Baron out of the dining-room, and took that opportunity to ask him if it were not possible to procure for him a commission in his regiment, a piece of service which he would most gratefully acknowledge. The former declared that he was extremely mortified to be under the necessity of refusing

refusing the first request ever made to him by the friend who had saved his life at the risk of his own, but the constitution of the regiment expressly required that every officer in it should be a native of Switzerland. “Besides,” continued the Baron, “if I did not misunderstand you last night, you told me that you were on the point of entering the holy state of matrimony; and if that be the case, pray have you the lady’s permission to enlist under any banners excepting those of Hymen?” “True,” replied Brinboc, laughing, “I forgot that I am no longer my own master; and your quick recollection of the circumstance convinces me that you must be an excellent husband: nevertheless I do not despair yet of putting my military plan into execution, although I am disappointed in the present instance.” He then affectionately took leave

leave of M. T— and his son, and returned to Sir James, who asked him if he should like to spend the remainder of the evening at his cousin Lady Belmont's, mother of the young gentleman present? Brinboc answered that he should be extremely happy to wait on her ladyship; but O'Rourke excused himself on account of a violent headache, which had seized him since dinner, and which rendered him unfit for company. Away they drove, and succeeded at last in getting up to the door, in spite of a triple row of carriages, as rapid in their motions, and almost as dangerous, as the war-chariots of the ancient Medes and Persians. Sir James introduced our hero to his noble relative, a fat lady of about five-and-forty, moderately well bred, and very good humoured, and whose broad accent, and high cheek-bones, left no doubt as to
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the part of the island that had the honour of giving her birth.

She asked the stranger twenty questions in a kind of French, or rather *Lingua Franca*, far less intelligible to him than her own language, but fortunately she did not wait for any answer, but went on with the same volubility: “Brinboc, Brinboc—why to be sure that is a French name, though I think we have something very like it in Berwickshire; have we not Sir James?” He only replied with an inclination of the head, and Lady Belmont went to the other end of the room to speak to the Duke of M—, who was just arrived. The Baronet then presented his friend to Miss Celestina Belmont, her ladyship’s only unmarried daughter, and leaving him in her agreeable company, entered into conversation with several acquaintance, who crowded round him
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to congratulate him on his return to England. The gentlemen all asked him what news he brought from the Continent ; and the ladies begged leave to know whether he had been in town long enough to have seen the *Fantocini*, and if he did not find the room very warm ? He strove to satisfy these important questions as well as he could, and, being somewhat fatigued by the exertion, he sat down upon a sofa, where he was soon joined by Brinboc, who had been supplanted with the fair Celestina by a young man, whose singular manners and appearance prompted him to desire Sir James to favour him with his character. “ You ask too much,” replied the latter, “ I cannot give him a character, but I will endeavour to describe him to you. Mr. Whirligig is heir to a large fortune, always dresses in the height of the fashion, and was bred
to

to the bar, a profession which he abandoned a couple of years ago, fortunately for himself and his clients. But Mr. Whirligig is a youth of a noble mind, and wishes to be distinguished in some way or other: he once was in doubt whether he should go upon the stage, keep running-horses, or take to drinking; but fear of his father's displeasure kept him from the first of these expedients; dread of expence forbad the second, and his constitution was unequal to the third: He therefore resolved to commence wit, as the cheapest and most convenient way of attaining celebrity. In consequence of this resolution he makes puns and conundrums without end, and laughs immoderately at his own jokes, which are not the worse for having been in print for the last fifty years: he talks so loudly that the whole room resounds with his voice, and he gesticulates

gesticulates with such violence that it is sometimes dangerous to come within arms-length of him. Notwithstanding these little imperfections, his bon-mots are getting rapidly into circulation by means of one or two of the morning papers, which are entirely in his interest; though it is also said that his success in the fashionable world arises from his repeated promises of giving the most splendid galas imaginable as soon as he comes into the possession of his father's estate, an event that he looks forward to with great filial impatience."

"And pray," said Brinboc, "who is that handsome young man, who, in spite of his supercilious look, seems to be eagerly bent on catching some sparks of Mr. Whirligig's wit?"

"That young man," returned Sir James, "is the son of a slave-driver in

the West Indies, who, having amassed a large fortune in one of our sugar islands, came back to enjoy the fruits of his honest industry at Liverpool, where he died, while his son was still at school. If you do not wish to have your throat cut, never allude to any of these circumstances in the presence of this same Mr. Rattoon; for he now affects to despise commerce, and every thing appertaining to it, and to appear in the character of an independent country gentleman, which he fancies he can do, by behaving insolently to all those whose incomes are not equal to his own. That beautiful young creature, whom you see standing near the door, is his wife; tenderness, delicacy, and sensibility are legible in every feature and every line of her countenance, and give life to those charms which would be nothing without them; see
how

how she watches each look and each motion of her husband ! They ought to be happy, and I wish them so from the bottom of my heart, though solely for the lady's sake, I confess." "What can those two in the recess of the window be talking about," exclaimed Brin-boc, "there is an earnestness in their manner very different from what might be expected in such an assembly as this is?" "I have not overheard a tittle of of their conversation," answered the Baronet, "and yet I would venture to wager a thousand to one, that I can guess the subject of their discourse. The gentleman is a general officer, who remaining unemployed during the war, has turned atheist merely out of opposition to the ruling powers, who say that we are engaged in a contest for the re-establishment of religion and social order. He has just got metaphysics

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enough

enough to make himself ridiculous whenever he attempts to speak on abstract subjects, and as he obtrudes his nonsensical jargon without mercy, upon all who have the misfortune to come in his way, his friends are at this moment exerting their whole interest with the government to get him named to a command, in order that they may be freed from his folly and impertinence. The lady, on the contrary, is a strict religionist, and is, no doubt, endeavouring to convert this irreligious warrior from his preposterous opinions. She is the only daughter of a man famous for profligacy and impiety, and she contrives to combine the most enthusiastic veneration for the memory of this worthy parent, with a fervid zeal for religion and morality. I do not hear that her practical benevolence keeps pace with her speculative devotion, but this perhaps

perhaps is out of respect to the doctrine of one of her father's associates, who used to say that he never bestowed charity lest *his left hand should discover what his right hand gave away*. What may be the result of the conference between these two originals is more than I can foretell, though, most probably, their dispute will end as disputes generally do, that is to say, by the parties returning to the point from whence they first set out. I do not often frequent assemblies of this kind," continued Sir James, "but as Lady Belmont is my near relation, I cannot avoid sometimes attending her routs."

"Pray who is it that takes my name in vain?" exclaimed her ladyship, as she threw herself upon the sofa between Brinboc and M'Corcodale with such force as made the house shake; "to punish you, you must both dine with me

to-morrow, to meet only Lord Noodle, Lady Betty Doodle, and half a dozen more, so that you see I treat you without the smallest ceremony." Sir James thanked her for her invitation, but said that he could not leave alone another gentleman, who was also his guest at the time. "O bring him by all means," replied Lady Belmont, "pray what is his name?" "O'Rourke," said Sir James. "O'Rourke," repeated Lady Belmont, "a lineal descendant of Brien Boroe's no doubt: can we claim any relationship with him?" "I fear not," returned Sir James; "but as your ladyship has discovered that there are Brinbocs in Berwickshire, perhaps we may also find out some degree of consanguinity between the O'Rourkes and the M'Corcodales." "As fatirical as ever," cried Lady Belmont; "however come to-morrow, and I'll forgive you." Good night. Adieu. Bon Soir.

CHAP. XXXVIII.

It was determined the following day, that, as Sir James had some business to transact in the city, he would, at the same time, shew the Bank and the other wonders of the commercial part of the metropolis to his visitors.

On the way he asked Brinboc what he thought of Lady Belmont? "It is not a very easy matter," answered the latter, "to make a proper reply to your question; but if you insist upon it I will be candid, and acknowledge to you that I do not much admire her ladyship's manners." "You think them somewhat tinged with coarseness and vulgarity I suppose?" said Sir James. "I do indeed," replied Brinboc; "and
I 4 all

all that noise and racket is by no means consistent with my ideas of a woman of birth and fashion." "Nor with mine, I assure you," continued the Baronet, "and though Lady Belmont is my kinswoman, I am ready to allow that she often mistakes assurance for ease, and boisterous mirth for elegant gaiety: we must, however, give her her due, in admitting that she is not a mischievous woman, and that she has contrived to marry her daughters very advantageously, notwithstanding the smallness of their portions, for my lord never gives himself the smallest trouble about these matters, seldom comes to town, and is almost entirely engrossed by the sports of the field, and the management of his estates. As for young Belmont, he is thought to drive four in hand, and to play a match of cricket, as well as any gentleman in England; and, with these qualifica-

qualifications, it is very possible that he may be appointed minister-plenipotentiary to the next general congress for settling the affairs of Europe; for, as the Romans sometimes took their generals and dictators from the plough, so do we not disdain to take, occasionally, our diplomatic characters from the stable and the tennis-court, provided they have good interest and connexions, which, of course, supply every deficiency, and render them fully adequate to execute the important functions committed to their care, of which truth we have daily and most striking proofs."

Brinboc and O'Rourke were greatly pleased with the Bank, and the order and regularity that seemed to reign throughout that vast national establishment; and so much were they delighted with its magnificent appearance, that they should have liked to have been

vested each with a draft for a few thousand pounds, merely to learn from personal experience the facility and promptitude with which business is dispatched in that place.

From the Bank they crossed over to the Royal Exchange; and if the former place seemed to be the great depositary of national wealth, this one might have been taken for the temple of commerce, crowded with votaries sent from the four quarters of the globe, to propitiate that goddess whose worship is so much the fashion in modern times.

As they were pressing through the crowd, in order to retire, Brinboc spied a face which appeared familiar to him; and, after having recourse to memory, he discovered that it was a gentleman of the name of Heartless, with whom he had been intimate at Paris four or five years before.

He

He immediately went up to him with his usual frankness and good humour, and endeavoured to renew their acquaintance, but was much, though not agreeably, surprised to find that Mr. Heartless seemed to have lost all recollection of him. "What," exclaimed our hero, "have you forgotten your old friend Brinboc, who spent so many agreeable days with you in France?" "I—I—have"—(stammered out Mr. Heartless) "some—some—distant idea." "Nay, Sir," returned Brinboc, with a look of sovereign contempt, "do not disturb your distant ideas; it would be a pity to break in upon the repose which they seem to have enjoyed for so long a time;" and, without condescending to listen to the apology which the other appeared to be preparing, he joined Sir James and O'Rourke, who had witnessed this extraordinary rencounter, and

indeed it had not escaped the notice and animadversion of several other persons, who, though strangers, seemed to be greatly shocked at the disgraceful apathy of the Lethean Mr. Heartless.

“ Could you suppose,” said Brinboc to his friends, “ that this forgetful gentleman was once upon the most intimate terms with me, and that we never had a quarrel ; that he dined with us at least three times a week during his stay at Paris, and that he spent an entire fortnight at my father’s country-house near *Chateau-Thierry* ?”

“ Yes,” cried O’Rourke, “ I can suppose every thing that is infamous of him.” Sir James, who was too much engrossed by his own indignation to notice the unintentional ambiguity of O’Rourke’s exclamation, laid hold of Brinboc’s arm, and hurried him away to the carriage which was waiting for them
at

at the gate. "This is not to be borne with," said the Baronet; "I am both enraged and ashamed at what has happened; enraged that any man should behave so ill, and ashamed that that man should be my countryman. This is the philosophy of the times: to court a man's friendship while he is favoured by fortune, and then to disclaim all knowledge of him if he chance to meet with adversity. I do not mean to say that instances of selfishness, insolence, and ingratitude were unknown to former ages; but surely it is not presuming too much to suppose, that they will be more frequent in consequence of the kind labours of those writers who have been at infinite pains to convince us that we neither can or ought to have any principle of action except self-interest; and that when we give a halfpenny to a blind beggar, it is
to

to relieve our own and not his distresses.

“ If these be the sole discoveries which modern metaphysicians can present us with, I think that it would be no great loss to the world were they and their systems at the bottom of the sea. Perhaps the coxcomb, whose mean behaviour disgusted us all, never read a book of the kind in his life ; but then he has associated with persons who make such execrable writers their chief study ; who laugh at every noble and exalted principle as mere chimeras of the imagination ; and who are not ashamed to avow that they are rascals from conviction, and scoundrels in practice as well as in theory.

“ It is to this terrible corruption of manners the more dreadful, because it is the fruit of cool and premeditated system, that we can trace up the origin of
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an infamous modern custom, generally known by the name of *cutting*; a custom which, at first sight, would appear rather a subject for laughter than for serious animadversion; but the existence of which I most heartily lament, since I consider it as connected with a depravity of moral conduct that must make a thinking man shudder. To explain the nature of this *cutting* system, as it is termed, would be needless; Mr. Heartless has saved me that trouble: but I think it but just to observe, that it is so rarely to be met with among persons of high birth and real fashion, that it may serve to characterise upstarts and adventurers, as naturalists class the different species of animals by their teeth, claws, hoofs, &c. Upon mature consideration Mr. Heartless, and the beasts of his description, must be of the asinine kind, for they get through the world

world by carrying their heads very low, and by invariably kicking at all those behind them. I remember once to have been at a splendid entertainment given by a lady, every shilling of whose fortune had been made in trade, as her husband, since dead, was a merchant, and the son of a merchant. Some one asked this lady why her sister-in-law (likewise the wife of a merchant) was not present? "O," replied the forced sprig of fashion, with a ridiculous simper, "I make it a rule never to invite any body from the regions east of Temple Bar." I could perceive a smile of contempt spread like wild-fire from face to face among the persons who happened to be within hearing; but not feeling any inclination to laugh, I determined to serve the lady in her own way, and therefore *cut*, that is to say, I *made it a rule* never to set foot in her house again. I should
both

both tire and disgust you were I to relate even a small part of the mean, base, and dirty tricks which people of this description have recourse to in order to obtain what they call a rise in society, or, in other words, the privilege of being laughed at by those very persons, to acquire whose acquaintance they neither spare pains or expence, and indeed, not uncommonly, entail ruin upon themselves and their families ; after which, as you may suppose, they are *cut* in their turn. Whether, in this last case, it be more honourable to be the *cutter* or the *cuttee*, is what could only be determined in a court of fashion ; though perhaps the polite *canaille*, which might compose its members, would disburden their consciences, by declaring their incompetency to decide on a question of *honour*. Such a low and sordid vice can only be the offspring of
minds

minds of the most vulgar and grovelling cast, and is, I believe, one of the evils produced by a great and rapid encrease of wealth or honours in persons who are astonished at their sudden change of situation, and who wish to forget what they once were, and every thing that can remind them of their former state of life. Jobbers, contractors, and new-made peers are very apt to be affected with this disease ; and I have also known some younger branches of noble families to labour under its symptoms : but the latter were generally young men of weak understandings, who meant no harm in what they did, and who, being but slenderly provided in point of fortune, thought to support their rank by giving themselves airs of importance.

“ As the fair sex never fails to have at least an equal proportion of the follies

of the day, I have had many opportunities of being highly amused with their skilful practice of the *weeding system*, in order to get rid of an old but useless acquaintance ; and then nothing could be more entertaining than to observe the slight nod, the demi-curtsey, the look of dubious recollection, or the broad stare of total forgetfulness ; each manœuvre employed with the justest discrimination, according to the less or greater emergency of the case, the dear creatures looking very pretty and very silly all the time.

“ I am not sufficiently versed in the manners of low life to know whether this absurdity has found its way into the inferior classes of society ; but as this is an age of improvement, I do not despair of hearing, through the medium of my *valet de chambre*, that

Molly

Molly the scullion no longer affiliates with Mrs. Suds the washerwoman, because the latter is not admitted to Mrs. Lettuce, the green-grocer's parties of swabbers."

CHAP. XXXIX.

WHEN Brinboc and his friends returned home, they found a note from Lady Belmont, intimating that her ladyship had been seized with such a violent megrim during the night that she found herself under the indispensable necessity of postponing the pleasure of their company until some other day.

On receiving this melancholy piece of intelligence, the party deliberated some time as to the manner in which they should spend the afternoon, when Sir James proposed that they should take an early dinner at one of the coffee-houses in Covent Garden, and then go to the new play, which had been received with such universal applause. This plan was
no

no sooner intimated than carried into execution ; and as it was the first time that Brinboc had ever dined at a place of the sort in London, he was particularly attentive to the kind of entertainment he there experienced, and with which he declared himself very well satisfied ; but when he came to pay a share of the bill he discovered that if the tavern-keeper knew how to regale the palates of his customers, he was also an adept in the art of extorting a good price for the nice bits with which he treated them.

As Sir James had not taken the precaution of having places kept for his party at the playhouse, they found some difficulty in obtaining seats, so great was the crowd to see the new play, although this was the twenty-fifth night of its representation.

At length the curtain drew up, and the prologue was delivered, a circumstance

stance which Brinboc was not aware of, as introductory discourses of this sort have been long since out of fashion on the French stage.

When the first act was over, Sir James asked Brinboc if he perfectly understood the dialogue, and what he thought of the plot? The latter answered that he did not yet comprehend very well the chief business of the piece, which, to be sure, was still in its infancy, but that he could understand the whole of the dialogue, excepting one particular phrase, which a principal actor tacked to almost every sentence that he uttered. The Baronet smiled, and told our hero not to be dissatisfied with his knowledge of the English language on that account, for that he himself did not understand the same hackneyed phrase, though its frequent repetition did not fail to convulse

convulse the house with laughter and delight.

As the play went on, Brinboc was astonished to find that the chief personages in it were selected from the lowest classes of society, such as taylor, tinkers, journeymen hatters, and broken apothecaries, with a suitable accompaniment of bar-maids and innkeepers' daughters, and that the language appeared to him to be such as might be expected from persons of that description in real life. The author had, indeed, made an attempt or two to delineate characters of a higher order; but it was evident, from the awkward manner in which he acquitted himself, that he was by no means equal to the task. What contributed greatly to encrease Brinboc's surprise, was, that the boxes were filled with well-dressed persons of both sexes, and, at the end of the fourth

fourth act, he ventured to ask Sir James if those persons were really what they appeared to be, or whether they were not domestics and trades-people, accoutred in their holiday finery, who came to enjoy at the theatre the representation of those scenes in which they took a part every day in the usual avocations of their respective callings? The Baronet assured him that he was under a great mistake, and that the audience was composed, in a considerable degree, of persons of the first fashion; in proof of which assertion he pointed out the Duchess of A—, the Marchioness of B—, Lady C—, besides knights of the garter, lords of the bedchamber, &c. &c.

From this information Brinboc concluded that the play must be in the style of Gay's Beggar's Opera, and that the low life and vulgarity of the characters were compensated by brilliancy of

wit and repartee, as otherwise it could not have met with such decided approbation from the public, and be constantly attended by people of refined taste and elegant manners. Full of these ideas, he resolved to ask no more questions, but to apply his whole attention to the winding up of the plot, which he fancied would be so novel and so interesting, as to repay the spectators for the insipidity and barrenness of incident that reigned throughout the rest of the piece. The event, however, did not answer his expectation; the story became confused and complicated, without being dramatically intricate; the incidents, far from growing naturally out of each other, could never have existed but in the brain of the author; and in the last scene, when all the chief characters in the play appeared on the stage, it was evident that they only did
so

so out of compliance with custom, for, excepting two or three, the presence of the rest might have been thoroughly dispensed with, as totally unnecessary for the unravelling of the plot.

The reader will easily guess that such trifling defects were only perceptible to the eye of rigid criticism, and the comedy was announced for its twenty-sixth representation amidst reiterated peals of thundering applause, which were interrupted at last by the appearance of a favourite actress, who came forward to deliver the epilogue. This she did with such ease, such grace, such propriety of gesture, and, above all, with such a bewitching sweetness of voice, as delighted the whole house, and made them forgive, in favour of this charming daughter of Thalia, the wretched stuff she was doomed to repeat, which, however, was said to be

K 2

the

the composition of one of the most eminent epilogue-mongers in town.

“ You are in luck to-night,” said Sir James to Brinboc and O’Rourke; “ the inimitable actresses whom you have just heard does not belong to this house; but as the goodness of her heart is at least equal to the splendour of her talents, she acted here this evening to ensure a good benefit for an indigent player, who is burdened with a large family. The vapid and unnatural part she was obliged to perform in the play gave but little scope to her rare abilities; but were you to see her act in parts suitable to her justness of conception, and felicity of personification, your pleasure and surprise would be greatly increased.”

“ I can easily imagine so,” answered O’Rourke; “ but pray what is the reason that the boxes are emptying so fast?
are

are we not to have an after-piece this evening?"

"Yes," returned M^cCorcodale, "we are to have an after-piece; and you will be astonished when I tell you that that after-piece is Milton's *Comus*." "What," exclaimed Brinboc, "is the audience running away from Milton's *Comus*?" "Certainly," continued the Baronet; "it does not require any great depth of penetration to conceive that they, who were so highly entertained by the vulgarity, stale jests, trite language, and common-place sentiment of the new comedy, can have no taste for the classical diction, and the chaste, though beautiful, and splendid imagery of Milton's compositions."

"Had the master-pieces of Euripides or Sophocles been represented in the degenerate times of Athens, they would have met with the same fate, and would

have been abandoned for the tawdry puppet-shews of the playwrights of the day. But hark, the curtain is again drawn up, and we may enjoy in quiet the intellectual repast which others have disdained to partake of." Such was his intention, and that of his companions; but it would seem that the actors and the audience had entered into a conspiracy to disappoint their designs, for the former performed their parts in so negligent and inattentive a manner, and the latter made such a bustle with lifting up of benches, and clapping of doors, that the party was forced to relinquish its fruitless attempt before the conclusion of the first act, and they returned home not a little edified with the taste of the present generation in regard to the pleasures of the drama.

CHAP. XL.

THE conversation at supper turned, as might be expected, on the nature of the evening's entertainment; and Sir James asked Brinboc what he thought of the state of the English stage? The latter replied that it would perhaps seem presumptuous in a stranger to speak decidedly on the subject; but that if he were to hazard an opinion, he must confess that the dramatic art appeared to him to be greatly fallen since the days of Beaumont and Fletcher, Farquhar, Congreve, &c., and that he had even met with writers of a much more recent date, the perusal of whose works had given him infinite satisfaction, because their delineation of character was drawn

K 4

from

from nature, which is nearly the same in all climates and countries ; and their wit of that sterling kind, which finds currency in every nation capable of appreciating its value. “ What you say is very true,” returned M^cCorcodale, “ but allow me to remark, that many of those witty writers, and masterly delineators of character, were often in want of a dinner ; whereas our present race of dramatists are abundantly paid for their labour, live comfortably, and enjoy all the good things of this life. Instead of panting after immortality with an empty stomach, or troubling their heads about the prospect of posthumous fame, they sit down quietly to their work, and write as fast, and perhaps as well, as they can, and never dream of any reward for their labours, except the emolument which they receive from the managers. True genius is sometimes fastidiously

fastidiously nice respecting to its own productions ; but the gentlemen of whom we are talking do not indulge in this kind of excessive sensibility : they perform their job, and are paid for it, which is all they aim at ; if they can raise a laugh by a quaint saying often repeated, or make a splendid display of wit, by ridiculing the cut of a coat, the shape of a wig, or the peculiarities of a provincial accent, they remain perfectly satisfied with themselves and their ingenious compositions, for they are honest, hard-working men, totally free from the foolish passion of ambition.

“ ’Tis true their comedies never outlive two seasons : but what then ? the authors live plentifully, and at their ease, during those two seasons, at the end of which they produce one, two, three, or a dozen new plays, if so many are required, just as regularly, and I suppose

as mechanically, as the gardeners from Chelsea and Fulham, who supply Covent Garden Market with pulse, and vegetables. You may smile if you please, Gentlemen," (continued Sir James) "but I insist upon it that this mode of proceeding is infinitely more prudent and rational than that adopted by the wits of former times, who, to be sure, left monuments of genius behind them, which will transmit their names to the latest posterity, but who were often at a loss how to command a guinea for their immediate wants and most pressing necessities."

The recollection of the melancholy end of the celebrated Otway obliges me to say a few words concerning modern writers of tragedy; and, in this respect, we are still better off than in the former, for, to cut the matter short, this branch of trade was found to be so difficult

ficult and so unproductive, that the speculators are nearly forced to give it up altogether ; and, thank Heaven, whole years now elapse without our being plagued with a new tragedy.

“ There is not a tragic writer living at this moment, one only excepted *, who can boast that his piece survived a third representation ; and to look for such productions in any kind of closet but one, would be a most fruitless labour indeed.

“ The author to whom I allude, as forming an exception to this general rule, is one of those rare instances of a successful suitor of the two sister muses, though, perhaps, he has been oftener favoured by Thalia, than by the more coy and distant Melpomene. He has likewise

* The Baronet seems here to have omitted, by an unaccountable lapse of memory, his own countryman, the venerable author of Douglas.

enriched the literature of his country with elegant works on other subjects; and he is one of the last remnants of a knot of geniuses who have adorned the present reign: but, unfortunately for himself, either modesty, or the silent dignity of conscious merit, does not allow him to have recourse to that most useful, though not most honourable, of all arts, the art of *puffing*; and while the newspapers, and other ephemeral and venal vehicles of fame, teem with the eulogies of Mr. Froth, Mr. Fustian, Mr. Syllabub, and the rest of the scribbling race, this hoary veteran in the fields of genius is sinking fast into the vale of years and obscurity, under the accumulated pressure of age, infirmities, and neglect. I wish he had been a countryman of mine, and then his name would have been trumpeted and re-echoed, with unceasing clangour, from

one end of the isle to the other, until something was done for his ease and comfort; but as it is, I can only admire his talents, and blush for the disgraceful indifference with which those talents are treated. When we add this living example to the many that history furnishes us with, of how little superior literary abilities conduce to the individual happiness of him who possesses them, although they may shed a great lustre over the country or the age in which he flourishes or starves; perhaps we shall be less hasty in condemning those authors who write only to earn an honest livelihood, and who, very sagaciously, prefer the comforts of a good house in this life, short as it is, to a niche in the temple of Fame hereafter.

“ I should not omit to mention also, that, in consequence of the dearth of home-wrought tragedies, the contractors
for

for stage amusements have been induced to import large quantities of raw materials from Germany, which have the peculiar and extraordinary quality of being worked up at will, either into tragedy or comedy, just as the spur of the occasion may require.

“ It would puzzle the whole race of critics, from Aristotle to Mr. Puff, to determine to which of the branches of the drama these exotic productions belong ; but as their only defects consist in turgid language, sickly sentiment, unnatural ideas, improbable incidents, and a system of apology for every vice, however disgusting or dangerous to society, they generally meet with considerable success, and amply repay the managers and translators for the pains they take to present their countrymen with such precious commodities from foreign markets.”

“ You

“ You are so rigid in your stricture upon the dramatists of the day,” (said Mr. O’Rourke to Sir James M’Corcodale,) “ that I fear you will not shew much mercy to the performers, though, in my opinion, they acquit themselves very well, at least those whom we saw this night.”

“ I do not think,” replied the Baronet, “ that I am quite old enough to assume either the language or the character of a *laudator temporis acti*; but still I must confess that I no longer experience the pleasure which I was once wont to receive from theatrical entertainments. I will not even speak of Garrick, whom I saw when I was a boy, because it would be absurd to expect, twice in the same age, a genius unequalled in ancient or modern times. But if this wonderful man left no heir-general to all his surprising powers, he

he was at least succeeded by persons who displayed great merit in the different and particular walks of mimic life, and whose united endeavours afforded sensible satisfaction to a London audience, although deprived of him, who, in this species of greatness, towered above his brethren, as Hector did in another, among the sons of Priam. I am ready to admit that I was often amused by this evening's performance, but I must also be allowed to say, that I was also very often disgusted by it. Let us prescind from Mrs. —, of whom we have already spoken, and from the actress who personified the unfortunate victim of seduction with so much pathos, modesty, and unaffected sensibility, as prove her a valuable acquisition to the stage, provided she does not allow her talents to be perverted by the contagion of bad example. We then come to the
chief

chief actors ; one of whom shakes his head as if he was troubled with the palsy, and misses no opportunity of lifting up the flaps of his coat, that the spectators may be favoured with a sight of his nether parts. Another fancies that to be a consummate comedian it is only necessary to make faces, and to twinkle his eyes in a sort of rotatory motion, unlike any thing that was ever seen in this world before : while a third knows no way of commanding success, but by affecting to speak in a croaking tone of voice, which might induce the hearers to suppose that he was not quite recovered from a severe cold and hoarseness, or that he had a piece of fat pork stuck half way down his throat.

“ All this may be excellent buffoonery, and deserving of great applause at Bartholomew Fair ; but it does not accord with my ideas of stage representation

tation in the principal theatres of the capital of a polished people.

“ I do not know whether the actors *vulgarise* the authors, or the authors *vulgarise* the actors ; but the fact is, that if the former now draw all their characters from low life, the latter are incapable of personifying any thing else ; and that a most happy equality of genius reigns among these two descriptions of men. I will not say any thing concerning the tragedians, because I do not wish to prejudice or anticipate the notions which my friend Brinboc may form on that subject at some future period.

“ Nor can we wonder at this decay and degradation of our scenic amusements, when we consider that, without the exercise of strict and impartial criticism, it is impossible to prevent the debasement of national taste ; and that the generality of modern professed critics do
not

not judge the author by his works, but the works by their author; that is to say, that a literary production of any kind is either entirely cried down, or else extolled to the skies, not according to its intrinsic merits or defects, but according to the speculative opinions which the writer of it is supposed to entertain. The newspaper critics seldom extend their censorial jurisdiction beyond a new comedy or a farce, and then they never fail to assure their readers, *that, by means of a few judicious alterations and corrections, the new piece will become a lasting favourite with the public.* With them every young actor or actress is a Garrick or a Cibber, and they pretend to cover the awkwardness or stupidity of the new performer, by talking of the *bashfulness* and *timidity inseparable from a first appearance*, when, in reality, he was remarkable for
nothing

nothing so much as for his invincible impudence. Nor is this system of fulsome adulation confined to the heroes and heroines of the drama; it is lavished indiscriminately upon all orders and ranks of society; and statesmen, warriors, duchesses, quack doctors, and maudlin poetesses, are alike overwhelmed in this inky flood of unintentional "*satire in disguise* *"

"M. de Brinboc will better comprehend my ideas by these lines of Moliere:

"Tout est d'un grand mérite également doué,
Ce n'est plus un honneur que de se voir loué;
D'eloges on regorge, à la tête on les jette,
Et mon valet de chambre est mis dans la gazette."

* Praise undeserved is satire in disguise. POPE.

CHAP. XLI.

AT the expiration of the time which O'Rourke had proposed to spend in London, he took leave of Sir James M'Corcodale, to whom he returned many thanks for his hospitable entertainment, and the latter, on his side, exacted a promise from the Hibernian that he would become his guest once more, should he be inclined to visit the capital again.

Brinboc insisted upon accompanying his friend during the first stage, when he observed to him that he thought he had perceived, for the last few days, a considerable change in his temper, and that his accustomed gaiety of disposition seemed

seemed to have undergone a sensible diminution.

“ I was not conscious myself of this change,” (replied O’Rourke) “ though, since you remarked it, I make no doubt that it was perceptible enough. I confess that I am not without anxiety as to the state in which I may find my family. It is now nearly twenty years since I left my paternal dwelling ; and no man of common feeling can be absent half so long from the spot which is naturally dearer and more interesting to him than any other, without undergoing some very peculiar sensations, composed of both pain and pleasure, when he is about to revisit the scenes of his youthful days. My mother paid the debt of nature many years ago, but my father is, I believe, still living, though a very old man. I say I believe, for I have not heard from my brothers or sisters since I took my departure

departure from America ; and should my worthy parent be no more, I shall have to reproach myself for not hastening to receive his last breath immediately upon my escape out of France, instead of rambling about the continent of Europe. Reflections similar to these would, I suppose, present themselves to the mind of any person, of any nation, in similar circumstances. But there are others of a very different nature, arising from the singular situation of my country, which no one but an Irishman can experience, and which add greatly to my present uneasiness. The fiend of discord and dissension has spread its baneful influence over that certainly not fortunate island, and who knows but that, in answer to my enquiries concerning the health of my brother Terence, or that of my cousin Phelim, both lads of weakly constitutions, I may be informed

formed that the former was whipped to death by the Orange faction, and the other burned alive by the Green Handkerchief party, by which means they escaped paying their apothecaries' bills. Such are the dreadful consequences of civil feuds and broils (ours have been roastings literally); and I have no warranty that some of my nearest connexions, or the companions of my childhood, may not have fallen victims to the misfortunes attendant on these ever to be lamented events. Even should this not be the case, and should my individual feelings be saved from such painful trials, still is my country loaded with difficulties of a general kind, and of which, as one of the great majority, I am doomed to bear a part. I know that a wise and benignant legislature has so far ameliorated my situation that I may look forward to the day when I shall see
myself

myself the father of a family, without dreading that I may be tempted hereafter to curse my existence, and that of my unnatural offspring, who, under the sanction of a barbarous statute, should chuse to rise up with my property, and turn me out of doors, by his conforming to the church as by law established, and from which I am a dissenter. I also know, that I may purchase a horse, value above five pounds, without its being at the option of my next neighbour, of the same established church, to take it from me or not, as he may think fit and convenient.

“ I know that these, and many other laws equally savage and disgraceful, have been abolished by the humanity of our governors during my absence from home; but I likewise feel that much yet remains to be done, ere an Irishman in my situation, can bend his course to his

native shore, with that high pulse of ardour and satisfaction, which ought to be the most precious reward, as it is the indisputable right of every man who is sincerely attached to his country, who has bled for that country, and who is still ready to sacrifice his life for its happiness and prosperity. I have been often asked by foreigners of various nations, how it came to pass that our government so wisely constituted in itself, and so well calculated to promote and protect the welfare of its subjects, above all others, whether ancient or modern, should be so fatally and so unaccountably blind to its true interests, with regard to that part of the empire of which I have been just speaking?

“As my answers on those occasions did not satisfy myself, I suppose they did not afford them much satisfaction; but I trust that the time is at no great distance when

when we shall not be put to the blush by such disagreeable questions. Thus, you see, my good friend," continued O'Rourke, "that there was some cause for the unusual weight which hung upon my spirits, but which, I make no doubt, will be entirely removed, the moment I set foot within the walls where I first drew breath, especially if I should be fortunate enough to see once more my aged and revered parent."

Brinboc wished O'Rourke every happiness that his heart could desire, and these sincere friends separated, after exchanging promises that they would soon cultivate by letters an intimacy which had originated by chance, but which they hoped would only end with their lives.

Brinboc returned to town in the same chaise which had conveyed them to Hounslow, and as he did not propose to

return home immediately, he was in the act of discharging the postillion in Piccadilly, when a person coming up addressed Brinboc in French, and with an officious sort of politeness, offered his services to his countryman, towards settling any disputes he might have with the driver. Brinboc assured him that he had no disputes to settle with any body then within his reach, and he was about to proceed without taking any further notice of the intruder, when the latter, not at all dismayed by the cold return which he met with, surveyed our hero with redoubled attention, and then asked him if his name was not Brinboc? As soon as he was answered in the affirmative, without further ceremony, he threw his arms about Brinboc's neck, and kissed him with great ardour on both cheeks, to the no small surprise and amazement of some of the mobility who chanced to be passing

passing by at the time. Brinboc was a good deal vexed at this tender salute, which, among men, he knew to be inconsistent with the manners of England, and he no sooner disengaged himself from the rude embrace of the stranger, than he asked him, in an angry tone, what he meant by hugging a person with whom he had no acquaintance?

“*Cadedis,*” exclaimed his countryman, “no acquaintance with Alexander de Brinboc, my old school-fellow at *La Fleche*.—Surely you do not already forget Cæsar de Plastrognac, with whom you have had so many hard fencing bouts at the military school?”

This apostrophy cleared up all Brinboc’s doubts at once, and his only remaining surprise was, that the Cæsar of Gascony had not been guilty of some greater piece of extravagance.—“Well, Plastrognac,” said he, “I am glad to see
L 3 you;

you ; but excuse me for not recollecting you before, for, to tell the truth, you are somewhat altered since I last saw you."

—"Yes, yes," replied the Gascon, "time spares no man, and love and war add greatly to his ravages : you perceive that I halt a little in my gait ?"—"I do," returned Brinboc, "and pray, to which of those causes am I to attribute your lameness : to Mars or to Cupid ?"—"To the god of war undoubtedly," answered Plastrognac, "the Cyprian deity can only wound me in the heart, as I never pay my addresses but to ladies of the first respectability. While we take a turn in the park, I will relate to you the manner in which I met with this accident. You must know, my dear fellow, (ceremony between us would be idle) that I was among the first who emigrated in 1789, and after offering my services to the Elector of Cologne, and two or three other

other German princes, which offer was not accepted—I cannot tell why, I was at length honoured with a commission in Mirabeau's legion; and I had the satisfaction of demolishing half a dozen of the Carmagnols to my own share.—An unlucky musket ball, however, at the siege of Thionville, wounded me in the knee; and as I was no longer able to walk with grace and dignity at the head of my company, I determined to abandon my martial pursuits, and to give myself up entirely to the arts of peace. But I had not long quitted the army, before I discovered, that without money or friends, the art of living is more difficult of attainment, than the most abstruse science; and I was in danger of starving in the streets of Amsterdam, when the Duke de ——— who had been formerly governor of our province, very kindly relieved my distresses,

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treffes, and brought me to England, in a ship which he had hired for himself and family.—Here, at least, I was sure of the means of subsistence; the English nation provided for my most pressing wants, as well as for those of my numerous fellow-sufferers; but as this provision did not go to procure luxuries, I thought of a hundred expedients to encrease my income, not one of which answered the desired purpose, when one day I fortunately lit upon a man who had given me lessons in dancing, at the *Ecole Militaire*, and who was now ballet-master to the opera-house. I described my situation to him, and desired him to give me his advice. He behaved with the respect and deference which is due to men of my rank in distress, and in the course of a few days he informed me, that if I knew how to paint my fortune was made, for that the principal scene-painter

painter to the king's theatre had died suddenly the night before, and that he pledged himself to get me the vacant place. Luckily for me, I had formerly spent most of my leisure hours in taking views of the beautiful country on the banks of the Garonne, so that I felt myself quite at home in this undertaking, and accepted of the offer without hesitation. To prove to you that I am not destitute of that boldness of fancy which is the surest mark of true genius, I intend to introduce a side prospect of my father's castle into the scenery of the next new ballet, though the story is taken from the heathen mythology. Thus far you see things go on swimmingly; but the blind archer, that universal disturber of mankind, will not let me live in quiet: Yes, my dear Brin-boc, I am in love, and, what is more to the purpose, I am beloved by the object

of my affections.” “ Lucky man !” exclaimed Brinboc, “ what more can you wish for ? you must be completely happy.” “ Alas !” returned Plastrognac, in a plaintive tone of voice, “ I am not so happy as you imagine ; my cruel fair one refuses to bestow her hand upon me yet, though she acknowledges that I won her heart long since ; but her delicacy will not allow her to crown my wishes until I have given further proofs of my attachment and fidelity.” “ Mere girlish whims,” said Brinboc ; “ and if these be the only obstacles to your union, I will venture to predict that you are at no great distance from so desirable a consummation.”

“ Why she is not exactly a girl,” replied the Gascon, “ nor is my intended bride what you may call a beauty ; but then her morals are unexceptionable, which is an essential point in matrimony, and

and she is besides mistress of a small fortune, which, though with me but a secondary consideration, is still a circumstance not to be overlooked in times like the present." Here he offered to introduce Brinboc that very evening to his future spouse; and on their way to her house he told him, that he first became acquainted with Mrs. Griskin during her husband's life-time, who kept a cook's-shop in Wardour-street; but that, since her widowhood, she had given up all business, excepting that of letting lodgings, and that he had been her inmate for upwards of a twelve-month. They had now got to Mrs. Griskin's dwelling, which was situated in a dirty street leading out of the Haymarket, when the illustrious scene-painter suddenly turned round, and, with great earnestness in his manner, beseeched Brinboc not to address him any

longer by his real name of Plaſtrognac, but by that of St. Didier, the appellation which he had choſen to aſſume during the temporary eclipse that he was obliged to undergo. The door was opened by a fat, red-faced, vulgar-looking woman of about fifty years of age, whom Brinboc was going to paſs by without more ado, when he was ſtopped in the paſſage by St. Didier, (for by that name we muſt now call him,) who whiſpered in his ear “this is ſhe—I will introduce you,” which he did in the following words: “Meeftreez Griſkáin, diſ is my great friend Seer Alexander Brinboc, lately arrived from de Continent.” “Wery vell,” replied the fair inamorata, “I am always wery glad to ſee Muſter St. Diddy’s friends, ax the gemman to fit down.” *Seer Alexander* was accordingly uſhered into a ſmall back parlour, where he ſat for ſome
time

time biting his lips and pinching his fingers, that he might not laugh out in the faces of these two originals, whose ridiculous grimaces produced a scene far more comic than any M. St. Didier's pencil could have effected, notwithstanding the boldness of his fancy. But a sideboard pretty well furnished with plate, created suspicions in his mind that the Gascon's passion was not quite so disinterested as he pretended it to be. As soon as Brinboc offered to withdraw, St. Didier desired to know where he lived, that he might return his visit. "In Grosvenor-square," answered the former. "In Leicester-square you mean; at La Sabloniere's, I suppose," returned St. Didier, "for there are no hotels or lodging-houses in Grosvenor-square." "I did not tell you that I was at a lodging-house," said Brinboc, "but I can assure you that I lodge in Grosvenor-

venor-square.” “O, I have it,” cried out the other, “some my lady—some countess in chains.—Ha, ha, ha—to be sure we Frenchmen are irresistible—victory attends us wherever we go—not a month in London, and already a conqueror.” Brinboc let the coxcomb run on until he was out of breath, and he then undeceived him, by telling him that he was not obliged to any countess or duchess for his hospitable entertainment, but to a worthy Scotch baronet, with whom he had crossed the water from Hamburgh to Yarmouth. “Entertained by a Scotch baronet,” repeated St. Didier, “egad I am more surprised than ever; but to be thoroughly convinced in this matter, I will call on you as soon as possible.” Brinboc then took his departure, after paying his respects to the amiable Mrs. Griskin, whose excellent morals had captivated the tender heart of M. de St. Didier.

CHAP. XLII.

IF Brinboc's meeting with his college-companion had afforded him considerable amusement, he was feasted that same evening with pleasures of a very different sort, and of a much more refined nature.

On his return home the trusty Fulgence presented him with a letter, which he no sooner discovered, by the handwriting, to be Madame de Rosenfelt's, than he kissed it three times, according to the established usage on such occasions, and then proceeded to read its contents. These informed him that Madame de Rosenfelt had placed her son in the academy at Potsdam, under the particular care and guardianship of
a rela-

a relation, and that she had so arranged all her other family concerns, as to leave her be at liberty to quit Berlin as soon as Eugenie should arrive in that place, to accompany her from thence to England. Madame de Rosenfelt had also availed herself of her interest with Count Von —— (of whom we spoke in Chap. XXV.) to obtain a passport for Eugenie from the French government, through the medium of the Prussian minister at Paris, and, from her last letters, it was to be inferred that she might be at the appointed place of meeting in about a month's time.

Such were the principal circumstances in point of fact contained in Madame de Rosenfelt's epistle, and with which the reader has a right to be acquainted; but the dread of disfiguring so fine an original will not allow us to offer any extract or abridgement of the refined
sentiments

fentiments of delicate affection, which, free from the slightest shade of affectation, flowed spontaneously from the pen of this elegant woman. Madame de Rosenfelt was indeed elegant in mind as well as in manners. Nor is this distinction to be treated as metaphysical and too far-fetched.

There are many persons in life whose manners are polished and elegant, though their minds are radically and essentially vulgar ; and to an observant eye this species of vulgarity is often perceptible, when those persons are thrown off their guard, and liberated from the restraint which the habits of good company, and the precepts of early education, have imposed upon their words and actions.

On the other hand, we sometimes meet with individuals, though certainly fewer in number than the class already alluded to, the texture of whose minds
is

is of itself so fine, and so incapable of holding, or even of receiving any thing low, mean, or illiberal, that they might be held up as models of human perfection ; did not the awkwardness of their deportment, and the rusticity of their manners, depreciate in a great degree the value of their mental qualifications.

To the solid endowments of the latter description of persons, endowments which no effort of imitation can ever completely attain, Madame de Rosenfelt added all the graces and embellishments that are to be derived from education, and acquaintance with refined society. Her mind was like those gems so happily formed by the hand of nature, that they are susceptible of taking the artist's polish, without losing any portion of their intrinsic weight and value. "Happy the possessor of such a jewel !" Exclaimed Brinboc, when he had perused her

her

her charming epistle ; and as he was not a man to monopolize things of this sort to himself, though there were some good things, of which he would not share the smallest scrap with his best friend ; he told Sir James M'Corcodale next day at breakfast, of the pleasant aspect of his affairs. He at the same time unboomed himself to Sir James with more frankness regarding these and other matters, than he ever did before, or than it would have been, perhaps, proper to have done at any former period of their acquaintance, so powerful is the influence of circumstances, even in the minutest transactions of our lives.

“ What you tell me”, answered the Baronet, “ affords me the greatest satisfaction ; and I already anticipate the pleasure in store for you, when the moment shall arrive, which is to make you happy
in

in the company of those whom you love best in the world. I much fear, however, that I shall not be a joyful spectator of this desireable meeting, inasmuch as I am under the necessity of immediately leaving town, in consequence of some letters which I received yesterday from Scotland. It seems that the person entrusted with the care of my estate in Berwickshire, had entered so deeply into commercial speculations with a house at Leith, that the failure of this house has completely ruined him, and he has fled the country nobody knows whither, leaving my affairs in such confusion, that my presence is indispensibly requisite there, to prevent greater evils in my domestic concerns. In addition to this unpleasant piece of news, my surveyor informs me, that my town-house must undergo some considerable repairs before the
winter

winter sets in, and although this business might have been done while I was abroad, it can now be deferred no longer, and I avail myself of my journey to Scotland, that it may be got through during my absence of six or seven weeks. What concerns me most is, that I am reduced to the ungracious office of turning you out of doors, for you will readily imagine that this house would not be a habitable tenement for my friend, when it is once in the possession of masons and carpenters. All that remains to be done, is to procure you a comfortable lodging in the meantime; for I will not pay you the bad compliment of asking you to accompany me, since you would meet with nothing to recompence the trouble of the journey. Indeed, when there, I should not be able to enjoy your company, as I shall be obliged to dedicate
every

every moment not filled up by business to the delightful society of country squires, who neither think or talk of any thing, excepting their kennels, their stables, and their Port wine."

Brinboc assured Sir James that he felt much more concern for the trouble he was likely to experience, on account of his steward's sudden flight, than for any inconvenience which might fall to his own share on the present occasion.

Their conversation was here interrupted by the unexpected appearance of M. de St. Didier, who, burning with curiosity to discover the particulars of Brinboc's situation in London, came to visit him the first moment he thought the doors would be open for his reception. Brinboc introduced him to the Baronet, with whom he entered into conversation as familiarly as if they had been brought up together from the cradle;

cradle; and when Sir James requested him to speak French for his own ease and satisfaction, the Gascon replied that he was perfectly master of the grammar of the English language, though, to be sure, its pronounciation was rather difficult to a foreigner;—"whereas," continued he, "the French is so easy, so glib, and so natural, that I only wonder that it is not become the universal language, to the exclusion of all others. I confess, however, that I should feel some regret in giving up the pleasure I receive from reading the works of Shakespeare and Milton."

"You are more fortunate than many foreigners then," returned Sir James, "to whom Shakespeare is not always very intelligible." "At first," said M. de St. Didier, "I was a little puzzled by some of Shakespeare's obscure passages, but luckily happening to have at hand
M. de

M. de Voltaire's strictures on your great dramatic poet, this able commentator soon cleared up all my doubts, and I will venture to say that I now understand him as well as any Englishman can possibly do."

Sir James however, unwilling to appear rude in his own house, could hold out no longer, and he gave way to the irresistible inclination that he felt to laugh, in which he was ably imitated by Brinboc; and the best of it was, that St. Didier, not at all disconcerted by this explosion, joined as heartily in the roar as if he had not been the original cause of it himself. The Baronet attempted to offer some apology for this act of impoliteness, but St. Didier assured him that nothing gave him so much pleasure as to see his friends merry, even when it was at his own expence, and the former thought he could not do less than
invite

invite a man so thoroughly good-humoured to visit him when he should return from Scotland.

This was precisely what St. Didier lay in wait for : the appearance of Sir James's house had too many charms not to ensure his ready accession to so civil an invitation, and he went away, whispering in Brinboc's ear, "** votre ami a diablement d'esprit.*"

That same day Sir James M'Corcodile set out on his journey, and our hero went to take possession of his new abode, where we must leave him for a time, in order to relate what befel his sister during this long interval.

* "Your friend is a devilish clever fellow."

CHAP. XLIII.

ON our last separation from Eugenie, we left that amiable girl in the act of writing an answer to Madame de Rosenfelt's letter; in which answer she laid before her friend the cruel situation to which she and Madame de Flavigny were reduced, in consequence of Chevreuille's abominable designs.

She intreated Madame de Rosenfelt not to lose a moment in the prosecution of her plans, and she suggested to her the necessity of pointing out some male acquaintance, who might assist her in effecting her escape from France. Eugenie also conjured her dear sister, (for so she now styled Madame de Rosenfelt,) not to disclose Chevreuille's nefarious

rious proceedings to Brinboc, as fury at such an outrage might hurry him away from whatever part of the world he was in, to rescue his sister from dishonour, even at the most imminent risk of his own life.

From the day this letter was sent by the post to Berlin, until that on which the answer to it returned, Eugenie remained as tranquil and undisturbed at Fontenaye-aux-Roses, as if she was completely forgotten by the whole world; and Madame de Flavigny began to congratulate her on the quiet they now enjoyed after so many terrible storms. But in reality nothing could be more deceitful than this temporary calm, which they only enjoyed during the good will and pleasure of M. de Chevreuille.

Mademoiselle de Brinboc's waiting-woman, Pauline, the faithless Pauline, had

had forgotten her plighted troth to the absent Fulgence; and while that trusty squire was laying out the savings of his scanty wages in presents for the idol of his affections, this perfidious Abigail was listening to the seducing language and specious promises of a fellow whom Chevreuille employed for the express purpose of deceiving the girl, and, by that channel, of learning her mistress's secrets. As the new lover did not confine his endeavours to fine speeches, but also made liberal offers in regard to money, of which he pretended to possess a considerable store, he made but too great an impression on Pauline's venal heart; and in their secret interviews, according to the custom prevalent among chambermaids from time immemorial, she carefully related to her sweetheart every tittle and transaction that occurred in the family. It is not to be supposed
that

that Eugenie was so weak and inconsiderate as to place any undue confidence in her worthless attendant, or to make her the depositary of her private thoughts or intentions ; but the ingenuousness of her own disposition prevented her from suspecting the innocence or fidelity of others, and she often, in the presence of Pauline, discoursed with Madame de Flavigny about their past troubles and their future expectations with so little reserve, as to render the former almost thoroughly acquainted with every thing which was then in agitation. Chevreuille profited to the utmost by the information which he received from his agent ; and as he well knew that nothing could be attempted by Eugenie before the arrival of Madame de Rosenfelt's answer, he thought it unnecessary to give her any disturbance during that interval, and

this was the real cause of the respite she now enjoyed.

In the mean time he was not idle : he particularly charged his agent to learn from Pauline the contents of the letters from Berlin, and the resolutions to which they might give rise, while he went to work himself in another quarter.

The reader will recollect how Brinboc was surpris'd when ordered to quit the Prussian dominions, and the suspicions which he harboured for some time against the *Illuminé* M. Bernardi.

He discovered enough before he left the country to acquit the said M. Bernardi of having any hand in his banishment, but he did not learn, until long after, the person to whom he was indebted for that kind office. This person was no other than M. de Chevreuille, who, wishing to remove Brinboc

as

as far as it was possible from his sister, had represented him to the government as a sworn and inveterate enemy to the republic, and consequently not be tolerated in any place where it had an official representative.

When a government systematically encourages spies and informers, it lays itself under the necessity of attending to their denunciations ; and accordingly the French minister at Berlin received instructions to demand the banishment of the Chevalier de Brinboc, an innocent request that was very politely complied with, as we have already related.

One of the secretaries in the office for foreign affairs at Paris had been Chevreuille's co-adjutor in managing this business with equal promptitude and secrecy, which he was the better able to do, because a brother of his was one of the fourteen secretaries attached to the

French legation at the court of Prussia, and to this worthy personage did Chevreille now address himself, in order to assist him in the fresh favours he meant to confer on the family of Brinboc.

“Pray,” said he to the secretary, as he called upon him one morning at his office, “do you recollect an affair, about which I troubled you lately, concerning an emigrant whom I wished to be sent out of the country where he was then residing?” “Yes,” replied the man of importance, “I have a confused notion—we have so many of these applications—let me see—’twas from Munich, or from Dresden, or from—” “No, no,” said Chevreille, interrupting him, “it was from Berlin.” “O ay,” returned the other, “from Berlin sure enough.—I knew it was one of the German courts—Well, is the fellow come back? do you want to have him guillotined, or
only

only sent to Guiana? Speak, my dear friend, for we have a world of business on our hands to-day, and time is precious."

"I have done with the Chevalier, at least for the present," answered Chevreille, "but it is his sister who now demands my attention. Between you and me she is a delicious morsel, just turned of eighteen—as fresh as a rose—and, would you believe it, this pretty bit of aristocracy wants to imitate her brother, forsooth, and turn emigrant.—'Tis a crying shame.—Your patriotism takes fire, no doubt, at the idea of such contraband exportation of beauty; and you will, I hope, assist me in preventing so many charms being lost to the Republic."

The scoundrel of a secretary, enraptured with the description which he heard, thought no more about business,

but getting up in a transport, and kicking down the stool upon which he had been sitting, broke out into the following exclamation: "Ah, Chevreille, you are the happiest of men; always combining the good of the state with your own private convenience; you ought to be immortalized for the fruitfulness and versatility of your genius; and as to the affair in question, you may command me to the utmost of my power:—but then, Chevreille, you know I expect some return. You understand me, eh?"

"Yes, yes," answered Chevreille, "I understand you very well, and you may depend upon my gratitude. I only ask for one week—one little week, and then she shall be your's for ever if you please."

"You are too generous," replied the secretary; "besides, weeks are abolished

lished by law, so that, in virtue of the new calendar, you shall enjoy your conquest for a whole decade. *Vive la Republique !*"

Thus did these two villians turn into jest an outrage, the very idea of which is enough to make humanity shudder; and it was agreed between them, that when Eugenie's passport should be asked for by a foreign minister, as was likely to be the case, and consequently made out in the worthy secretary's department, he would take care to leave a flaw in it, which might afford an opportunity of the unfortunate girl being stopped on the road, from whence Chevreille should either bring her back to Paris, or complete his designs upon the spot, as might best suit his time and convenience. Chevreille was much pleased with this plan; first, because he was determined to be

no longer baffled by a girl whom he despised in one sense, as much as he coveted her in another ; and secondly, because he was very willing that she should leave the country as soon as he had effected his vile purposes, in which case he fully resolved to write an anonymous letter to Brinboc, containing a long and detailed account of his wretched sister's dishonour, supported by such proofs and corroborations as she should be unable to deny, were she inclined so to do. Lest the reader should be startled at the appearance of improbability that attaches to such an unparalleled piece of wickedness, we beg leave to remind him that in the first outlines of Chevreuille's character we were obliged to represent him as a monster *sui generis* ; and that, if respect for decency, and unwillingness to shock the feelings of ingenuous minds, did not com-

command us to throw a veil over the most disgusting parts of the picture, we could exhibit scenes that would make this “*ossa a wart*,” compared to some of his horrible atrocities, and completely justify us from the charge of wilful exaggeration. Perhaps, in the complicated scheme of villany which we are now relating, the part of it that promised Chevreuille the greatest pleasure (if fiends know pleasure), was the expectation of making two virtuous persons the most miserable beings on earth. This was the kind of triumph for which his corrupt soul had alone any ambition, and which could alone call forth all the activity of his malignant mind. While Chevreuille was brooding over his infernal plot with cool and unwearied attention, Madame de Rosenfelt was employed in endeavouring to frustrate those machinations, the first notice of which she had

had received from Eugenie's last letter. She immediately saw the necessity of that protection which Eugenie solicited ; she trembled at the issue of a contest between unassisted innocence and consummate villany ; and she lost not a moment in seeking for the aid and counsel most likely to serve her cause.

CHAP. XLIV.

IN all Madame de Rosenfelt's troubles, or afflictions, she always had recourse for advice and assistance to her good friend, the old count Von L——, of whom we had occasion to speak already in a former part of this work. This worthy nobleman no sooner heard the pathetic story of Eugenie's misfortunes told by Madame de Rosenfelt, with all the fervid eloquence which women possess when they plead the cause of love or friendship, than he commiserated her situation from the bottom of his heart, and begged of the fair advocate to point out to him the way in which he could be of any service to her friend. "You must make such interest for her here," said Ma-

Madame de Rosenfelt, "as will obtain a passport for her at Paris to leave France." "I promise to use my utmost exertions; and I do not doubt of their success," replied the count. "We must find out a person who will conduct her in safety out of France," resumed the zealous pleader. "I will also undertake that office," said count Von L——, provided this degenerate age cannot afford a younger man to protect a beautiful and virtuous girl in distress. In my juvenile days," continued the hoary warrior, "half the garrison of Berlin would have set off at a moment's notice to rescue a weak female from the grasp of a villain; but we are *philosophised*, I think they call it, and some how or other we do not win so many battles as we used to do before we were philosophers. There was no talk of philosophy during the late king's wars,

wars, and he always contrived to beat the enemy. He once, indeed, harboured a French philosopher at *Sans Soucie*, for a short time; but this gentleman behaved so infamously, that his Majesty was obliged to inflict corporal chastisement on him; and it was a comrade of mine who caned the philosopher at Frankfort, according to the king's directions."

Madame de Rosenfelt perceiving that the old general was getting back to past times, instead of minding the time present, which retrograde motion did not answer the purpose of her visit, availed herself of the opportunity offered to her by his taking a pinch of snuff, to thank him for his kind attention to her request, and to desire that he would immediately make application for the passport, while she would write to the countess Starinski, now at Paris, to take
Ma-

Mademoiselle de Brinboc under her special protection. "Right, right," said Von L——, that will do; the countess is an odd woman, but she has a good heart, and I suppose that her husband's diplomatic character will make their house respected even at Paris. I am very sanguine in this affair," continued he, "because we did not succeed in our efforts for the Chevalier de Brinboc, who, by the bye, is a very fine young man; and I had much rather have seen him a captain in my regiment than driven ignominiously out of the country." "Not ignominiously, either," answered Madame de Rosenfelt, somewhat warmly. "You misapprehend me," replied the general: "the ignominy of the business attaches to us, and not to him."—Here he paused for a few seconds; then suddenly laying his right hand upon the hilt of his sword, while
with

with his left he pulled up his black stock, and his eyes flashing fire all the time, he continued, “this is sad work—sad work, Madam. I have lived in better days. I little thought, when I shared the danger and the glory of the battle of Rosbach, that I should live long enough to witness such a change. But go, go,” said the brave veteran, while he turned away his head to hide the hot drops that were coursing down his furrowed cheeks; “go, and endeavour to save your sister angel, while I, who shall soon be as mad as a devil, at the rate things are going on, will do all that is in my power to second your exertions.”

Madame de Rosenfelt wrote directly to the countess Starinski, and, explaining to her, at full length, the critical and unprotected situation in which Eugenie then was, entreated her in the most earnest

nest manner that she would befriend this amiable girl, and even take her to her own house, if necessary, to shield her from the aggression of the villainous Chevreuille.

The next day Madame de Rosenfelt had the satisfaction of receiving a note from Count Von L——, by which she learned that the minister for foreign affairs had promised him to instruct the ambassador at Paris to request the French government's permission for Mademoiselle de Brinboc to leave France, to whom, without delay, she transmitted this favourable piece of intelligence.

CHAP. XLV.

MADAME Starinski, who really was what Count Von L—— had represented her in the preceding chapter, an odd woman with a very good heart, especially when the demon of party-spirit did not warp her judgment and influence her actions, upon the receipt of Madame de Rosenfelt's letter, ordered her carriage, and drove to Fontenaye-Aux-Roses, bearing in her hand the credentials which authorised so unexpected a visit.

Eugenie had never heard of Madame Starinski in her life, (at least under that name,) and the sight of a carriage at the door was a thing so novel, that
she

she hardly knew whether to augur well or ill from this extraordinary apparition. But the countess, who was too much a woman of the world ever to feel the smallest symptom of embarrassment, accosted Eugenie with the easy familiarity of an old acquaintance, and presented her with Madame de Rosenfelt's letter, telling her, at the same time, that she was certain of not committing a mistake, for that her fine dark eyes could belong to no one except the sister of the Chevalier de Brinboc.

Madame Starinski was a connoisseur in these matters ; but as that was a circumstance with which Eugenie was not acquainted, her perplexity was rather increased by this abrupt, though complimentary kind of introduction ; and, notwithstanding the evidence of Madame de Rosenfelt's hand-writing, she began to entertain some doubts concerning the
means

means by which her visitor might have got possession of the letter, when Madame Starinski was relieved from these suspicions by the arrival of Madame de Flavigny, who came in from taking her morning's walk. This lady, by a singular coincidence, discovered as striking a resemblance between the countess and her father, whom she had known at Paris, as the countess had found out between Eugenie and her brother.

Many and lively were the expressions of gratitude with which Eugenie expressed her acknowledgments to Madame Starinski for her kind interposition to save her from the toils and snares of the wicked Chevreuille, but the countess replied, that this employment was, of all others, the most congenial to the feelings of her heart; and even were it not so, she owed a great deal more to the friendship which
which

which she bore to Madame de Rosenfelt. We are not at all inclined to controvert the sincerity of these professions, at the same time that it is not unfair to suppose that the recollection of Brin-boc's *fine eyes* might have had some little share in disposing Madame Starinski to act a benevolent part towards his amiable and deserving sister. Besides, it is lawful to presume that she did not not forget the delicacy of Brin-boc's conduct in regard to her *hierophant*, Monsieur Bernardi, when that Illuminé neglected Madame de Rosenfelt's concert, to attend on his illustrious pupil at the *Chateau de Marbre* *.

Be this as it may, the countess warmly pressed Eugenie to return with her to Paris, where she would find, at her house,

* Vide Chap. xxi.

an asylum from the attacks of villany and malice. She even extended her hospitable invitation to Madame de Flavigny, whom she perceived to be affected at the thoughts of separating from her beloved friend ; but the latter declined the offer, because it was necessary that somebody should remain at Fontenaye ; and she also added, with a smile, that she did not think, that even M. de Chevreuille would be at the trouble of giving her any annoyance.

So much is it in our nature, to be the slaves of habit, that prisoners, after a long confinement, have sometimes felt emotions of regret, on quitting their places of seclusion ; and the gentle Eugenie now surveyed with a sort of melancholy attachment, the narrow precincts, beyond which, she had hardly ever strayed, during the latter portion of her life. This had been a home to

her—she was now about to have no home—she cast a look at her father's picture, and she burst into tears.

Madame de Flavigny pressed her to her bosom, and joined in her sorrow, and even the countess wept for company sake; but she soon recovered herself sufficiently to hurry away Eugenie to the carriage, which waited for them at the door.

The zephyrs, that fanned them as they drove along, completely blew away every care from the lively mind of Madame Starinski; and when they got to the *Boulevard-neuf*, she pointed out to Eugenie several deserted buildings, formerly the * favourite houses of some of her most intimate acquaintances. “Oh,” exclaimed the countess with rapture, “what charming evenings have I spent yonder, at the *Marechal de A——*'s;

* *Maisons de Plaisance.* Fr.

he was the most amiable and most polite of men ; and all those who frequented his house resembled himself. A little farther on, was the *boudoir* of the charming *Duchess de B——*, where she studied botany in the morning, and sacrificed to the graces every night after the opera ; I was always one of her select party. Then the second pavillion, with the mutilated statues in front, that was the temple of wit, and the residence of the elegant *Marquis de C——* ; he was a rake, I confess ; but such manners, such taste, and such *petit soupés**. Wit flowed from him as spontaneously as water from a fountain ; and he was so notorious for this brilliant playfulness of imagination, that happening to ask one day, at my

* The editor presents his compliments to the polite readers, for whose amusement he published these memoirs, and assures them that nothing was farther from his thoughts, than to affront them so much as to offer any explanation of the words "*Boudoir* and *petit soupés*."

father's table, for some green pease, a country gentleman, to whom he addressed himself, instead of helping the marquis, laid down his knife and fork, and began to rack his brain, in order to find out the *bon-mot*, which he fancied lay *perdue* in his petition."

"Poor man," said Eugenie, somewhat gravely, "if he had been a little more witty, he might have been in danger of starving. But all these houses seem to be abandoned by their former inhabitants; do you ever see them now?"

"See them, now!" repeated Madame Starinski; "oh, no; I shall never see them more. They are all gone."

"All emigrants, I suppose," continued Eugenie. "Perhaps, my brother is at this moment enjoying the marquis's entertaining company."—"Heaven forbid," exclaimed Madame Starinski, "that your brother should be in such company."—"I beg your pardon,"

don," returned Eugenie, "I forgot, that you said the marquis was a rake."—"No, no, my dear girl, that is not my chief objection to his company; he is dead."—"Dead! and the *Marechal* too; and the *Duchess* likewise?"

"Yes," resumed Madame Starinski; "and although I cannot help laughing at your singular mistake, yet I assure you, that I was grievously afflicted, when I lost those dear friends. The poor *Marechal* d'A—— was guillotined; the *Duchess* de B—— was put to death at *La Force*; and as to the Marquis de C——, we have every reason to fear, that he was drowned in the *Noyades* at Nantes."

"Gracious Lord!" said the gentle sister of Brinboc, "what dreadful consequences have ensued from our unhappy revolution.—"Dreadful, indeed," repeated the countess, "so dreadful, that they would not bear reflection, if there

did not exist a hope, that in spite of those enormities, the great work of the perfectability of the human mind, is not at a stand. This, and this alone, can repay us for all our losses and sufferings; and as it is now clearly understood, that the Greeks were vastly inferior to the Romans, in every point of moral, intellectual, and every physical excellence; and that the Romans, in their turn, have been outdone, in all these respects, by the citizens of the United States of America, it is but natural to indulge, in the consoling hope, that France is the country where the human species will receive its last degree of perfectibility, and from whence wisdom and happiness will diffuse themselves, as from a central point, over the rest of the nations of the world."

"But you will excuse me, my dear Eugenie," said Madame Starinski, "for talking to you about Greeks and Romans;

mans; pray, did you ever hear before, of the perfectibility of the human mind?"

"Yes, Madam," answered Eugenie, "I remember that my brother used always to laugh, whenever he read those words, or heard them mentioned."

"I do not doubt it," replied the countess, shaking her head; "your brother is a very clever fellow, and a very pretty fellow too; but he adheres to prejudices, from which I have not yet been able to reclaim him: I wish I had him under my private tuition for six months, and then I should not despair of effecting a great alteration in him, if not a total conversion."

Here they arrived at Madame Starinski's house, where Eugenie was presented to the count, who assured her, that he was very proud to have it in his power to be of any service to her; and who begged her to dispose of his house, purse, or person, as long as she thought
pro-

proper ; or, at least, until he should be able to find out one, worthy of being entrusted with the care of conducting her safely out of France ; and he concluded, by expressing his regret, that he was debarred from executing that honourable office himself, on account of the duties annexed to his public situation.”

For this display of diplomatic politeness, Eugenie was indebted to the zealous exertions, in her favour, of Count Von L——, at Berlin, who, though not much versed in diplomacy, was as sincere a friend as he was an able general ; and who had taken great care, that she should be recommended to M. Starinski in such a manner, as would not fail to ensure the ambassador’s attention.

END OF THE SECOND VOLUME.

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